

# VOGUE



Continental  
Edition

CONDÉ NAST, Publisher

Early December  
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## FOR THE DESTITUTE CHILDREN OF FRANCE

WHEN you think of Christmas as it used to be in France, the first thing that comes into your mind is the "crèches" that are set up in all the churches—the Virgin, the Child in the manger, Joseph, the shepherds and their sheep, and the three kings from the Orient with their camels. Sometimes even a shepherd dog is added for "realism"—although he is apt to be modelled on the lines of the *chien berger* of France, rather than of Palestine. In the poorest village church and in the cathedrals alike, the Christmas candles shone on this charming tableau, and in the evening, after the day's work was over, whole families went to pay their respects to "la Sainte Vierge et le petit Jésus"—old grandmothers and grandfathers, fathers and mothers, and dark-eyed children in black sateen aprons—even little Pierrot went in his mother's arms, although he would "faire dodo" and keep on sleeping peacefully in a most unappreciative way.

### CHRISTMAS EVE IN THE TRENCHES

Family life in France is a very fine and

beautiful thing, and love of "le foyer" is the strongest instinct of the French peasant. When Christmas Eve comes every poilu in the trenches will be thinking of his wife and children. He will think of them with less anxiety if he knows that provision of some sort is being made for them.

The American Committee for Devastated France is laying the foundation for a permanent rehabilitation of the territory laid waste by the Germans. Their work includes the care and education of children; the reinstating of the merchant, the mechanic, and the farmer; the medical care of neglected civilians; and the great problem of food raising.

The work which they have done for the children is best summarized by this cable, very recently received from the directors of the committee in France.

"Children's colony fully equipped and completed to-day. Hundred happy children installed, all of whom have fathers mobilized or in occupied territory and mothers unable to support family. The Misses Parsons in charge of colony employing French staff for education including normal school, domestic

science, manual training. Domestic labour supplied by mothers free to give their services without charge. In serious need of funds to support entire plant which meets desperate need particularly with winter coming on. Expense per child two thousand francs per year. This includes education, manual training, heat, light, and clothing. Would like to extend plant to include mutilated shoemaker for repairs to shoes which is one of our most important items, also children's gardens and rabbit breeding. All work going splendidly but having demands made by all our centres for food, prices for which soaring daily."

### WHAT FIVE DIMES WILL BUY

This committee is now making a special Christmas appeal for the children. Five dimes placed in a little red cardboard stocking will buy for a little French child a toy, a pair of mittens, a pair of stockings, and candy. The printed words on the red pasteboard make their own appeal: "From the Happy Children in America to the Children in France who have not known Happiness in Four Years."

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Cover Design by Helen Dryden

### Special Features

|  |    |
|--|----|
| <i>Hoing for Democracy</i>               | 51 |
| <i>Phonographs Enlist for Overseas</i>   | 52 |
| <i>The Great Battle Against the Buns</i> | 53 |
| <i>Our Nouveaux Riches</i>               | 59 |
| <i>Our Adamless Evenings</i>             | 63 |

### Costumes

|   |       |
|---|-------|
| <i>Stage Clothes that Play their Rôles Successfully</i> | 35-38 |
| <i>These Are the Defenses of Paris Against Winter</i>   | 39-41 |
| <i>Three Afternoon Frocks from French Makers</i>        | 74    |
| <i>Winter Frocks of Various Materials</i>               | 75    |
| <i>For the End of a Perfect Day</i>                     | 76    |
| <i>The Three Piece Suit Has Its Era</i>                 | 77    |
| <i>Here Are Becoming Blouses</i>                        | 78    |
| <i>A Page of Furs of High Quality</i>                   | 79    |

## CONTENTS

for  
Early December, 1918



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### Miscellaneous Fashions

|   |       |
|---|-------|
| <i>Furs That Protect Us from Winter</i>         | 42-43 |
| <i>Dressing on a War Income</i>                 | 44    |
| <i>Hats Are Soft and Yielding this Season</i>   | 45    |
| <i>Vogue Points from Paris</i>                  | 48-49 |
| <i>Keeping Up the Morale of French Lingerie</i> | 73    |

### Society

|   |              |
|---|--------------|
| <i>Mrs. French Vanderbilt</i>                     | Frontispiece |
| <i>New York Follows Its Horses to Piping Rock</i> | 46           |
| <i>Society Attends the Piping Rock Horse Show</i> | 47           |
| <i>Mrs. W. Scott Cameron</i>                      | 50           |

### The Fine Arts

|   |       |
|---|-------|
| <i>Eastern Dancing Still Reigns in Western Capitals</i> | 54    |
| <i>Seen on the Stage</i>                                | 55-57 |
| <i>Lou Tellegen</i>                                     | 58    |
| <i>Recent Exponents of Dramatic Versatility</i>         | 60    |
| <i>The Metropolitan Concentrates on its Scenery</i>     | 61    |
| <i>Leaders in the Advance on the Broadway Salient</i>   | 62    |

WHOLE NO. 1107



Beatrice Beckley as Lady Chiltern, in act four of "An Ideal Husband," wears a gown of black satin which reiterates her creed of elegant conventionalism, and also emphasizes Lucile's newest draped line. A rolled collar of skunk, and a tie, sleeve ruffles, and "modestie" of real lace support Lady Chiltern in her faultless and aristocratic career; gown from Lucile.



Jane Cowl, having proved that she can be beautiful in even a maid's uniform, is now wearing clothes that are beautiful, too, in her new play, "Information, Please!" In the second act, she wears this lovely combination of beige materials. The softly draped gown is of satin and fur, and the graceful cape is of cloth in the same becoming colour; model from Bendel.

out with inspiration. One knows at once when Miss Beckley enters in draped white velvet with a diamond tiara to give richness, that her creed is class distinction, strict propriety, and elegant conventionalism. She remains true to it in her purple chiffon of the second act, and reiterates it in the black satin with touches of fur and real lace, of the last. Mrs. Chevelly's gowns, on the contrary, must express her internationalism (not in the I. W. W. sense of the word), so her dresses are a little bizarre, a little daring, but very, very interesting, to suggest her unregulated, not to say lawless, but certainly exciting career.

#### THE COSTUMES IN "I. O. U."

In "I. O. U." the play that was made from a motion picture for Mary Nash and that had but a brief popularity, the clothes plan was simple and definite. Miss Nash had merely to be as extravagant and expensive looking as possible in the most becoming way. She began in an inky blue street frock of velvet with a sable around her neck and a big black hat on her head, with aigrettes foaming over opposite sides. A few minutes later she appeared in apricot velvet, trailing on the floor behind her and bordered everywhere with fitch. It seems an accepted fact that utter financial recklessness is

best expressed in bright cerise, so it was no surprise to find her going to dinner later in this exhilarating colour. But when she came to her big scene, she played it in something far less distracting, a "lees of wine" velvet with dark fur; and it seemed a perfect shame for her to roll on the floor in it.

In "Sleeping Partners," the French-of-the-French farce in which Irene Bordoni is supporting H. B. Warner and wearing some fascinating frocks which will be illustrated later, the dainty little actress has perhaps the simplest task of all. She has only to look like her Parisian self, hair-dressing, hats, shoes, and all.

In Paris certain actresses are known as exploiters of certain dress styles. Cécile Sorel, for example, thinks her beauty best served by eighteenth century clothes, and she has tried to impose them upon the mode and succeeded in some measure. She is an example of a definite type of dressing; we can say "a Sorel gown." No American actress has made a particular mode her own as yet. Ethel Barrymore has an enviable reputation for beauty and good dressing, but she has not chosen a special clothes setting that may be recognized as hers. Occasionally there is an actress who, having made a name for looks and gowns, deliberately ignores it in her plays. Jane Cowl's is a case in point. She has appeared to us for several seasons as a sob-

bing maid or a uniformed war worker, in clothes which tried their unsuccessful best to extinguish her beauty. To be sure, in "Common Clay" she gave her admirers one opportunity to see her in fine raiment in an otherwise perfectly unnecessary epilogue. This year she has launched upon a sartorial sea in a play of her own creation, "Information, Please!", in which she indulges her talent both for comedy and for clothes to the full. In negligée, in street dress of beige, and in the gorgeousness of her lamp-lit splendour, she presents a smiling picture of beauty adorned to the last degree of perfection—a fact which gives added interest to the play.

#### THE PICTORIAL CLOTHES OF A NEW COMEDY

Laura Hope Crews is an actress who knows that the picturesque becomes her. In "The Saving Grace," the exquisitely finished drawing-room comedy in which she supports Cyril Maude, she presents herself in clothes which have a reminiscent air of other more pictorial periods. In the first act she is delightful to look upon in peach coloured faille with little ruchings which might have come out of the Georgian era, touches of real lace, and a sash of old-blue voile. Our drawing-room comedy has been, to a large extent, imported from France, but, until recently, the New York dressmakers, unlike

their Paris confrères, have taken but a step-motherly interest in the drama as a place for the exploiting of their wares. In the French capital, the theatre has always been a favourite field, not only with the *grand couturier* who used it to launch his most sensational creations, but with the well-dressed woman who visited it to see these novelties tried out before adopting them herself. For her it was a sort of fashion show with supremely intelligent manikins making the very best of the gowns they wore. The great Rachel is reported to have said to the dress-makers of her day who showed her their wares, "That looks very well in the hand, or worn in repose. But how will it appear when running, kneeling, or lying down? That is the test that I demand of a gown." The stage gives this opportunity to see a model in all attitudes. In order, however, that the leading actresses should not distract attention from themselves and their performance by the very newness of their clothes, the French dramatists, playing into the hands of the dressmakers, have adopted the habit of introducing at some point in the play where the action lags a bit, three or four friends of the heroine, who enter wearing gorgeous creations. They have so little to do with the plot that the clothes devotees of either sex in the audience can give themselves up entirely to the study of the gowns. When we translate a French comedy, we retain these characters, but we leave them to dress themselves on the rather meagre salaries which are all their unimportance warrants; so that the poor things have to do the best they can, a best which is seldom triumphant and often pitiful. In Paris the big houses find it worth while to gown these women for the sake of the advertisement; in fact, this is about the only direct advertising that they do. Our full pages in publications and theatre programmes are unknown to them. It may be that our leading New York houses, for the majority of productions are staged and gowned in New York, will some day follow the French lead in this, as they have in their attitude toward gowning leading women. There is nothing which would do more for the dressing of the American stage as a whole. It is not so very long ago that our great dressmakers boasted proudly that they did not "cater to actresses," as they put it, reflecting, perhaps, the old puritan attitude toward "play acting." Now almost every theatre programme carries the line "Miss Star's gowns by So-and-So"; and the drama has gained an added attraction, so that a set of beautiful gowns worn by a popular favourite will draw an audience even to a play that is poor in other respects.

Musical comedy has its own standards and its own requirements. Chief among them are frocks that allow the leading woman plenty of room for the violent action of modern dancing. The frock worn by Wilda Bennett, in "The Girl Behind the Gun," is a typical little expression in apple-green chiffon of the sort of thing that is worn by a youthful dancing heroine, while the young girl's frock in "An Ideal Husband," worn by Gretchen Yates, illustrates very piquantly the wisdom of dressing red-haired actresses in white lace.

#### STAGE COSTUMES OF THE PAST

Ever since there was a stage, the dressing for it has been of absorbing interest. Elizabethan literature is full of references to the extravagance of the actors' clothes both on and off the stage, and extravagance which caused remark in those days must have been great indeed, for

it was then quite common to hem garments with "pearls of the size of beans" and the women wore farthingales so stiff with bullion that they stood alone, even without the supporting hoops. Nationality, rank, and occupation were all indicated in dress, and the puritanical minded among the pamphleteers of the day deplored the fact that the *bourgeoisie* ruffled it in "taffeties, velvets, sattens, gold, and what not," like their betters, while aping foreign fashions was con-

but little to do. "What beard were I best to play it in?" is *Bottom's* whole concern when he is cast as *Pyramus*, and the question in itself has been enough to rout the Baconians in the estimation of all actors who are convinced by this alone that the author of the plays was a member of their honourable calling. But a long century after the poet's passing we find Garrick playing *Macbeth* in a full court suit of scarlet with knee breeches and a powdered wig. Still

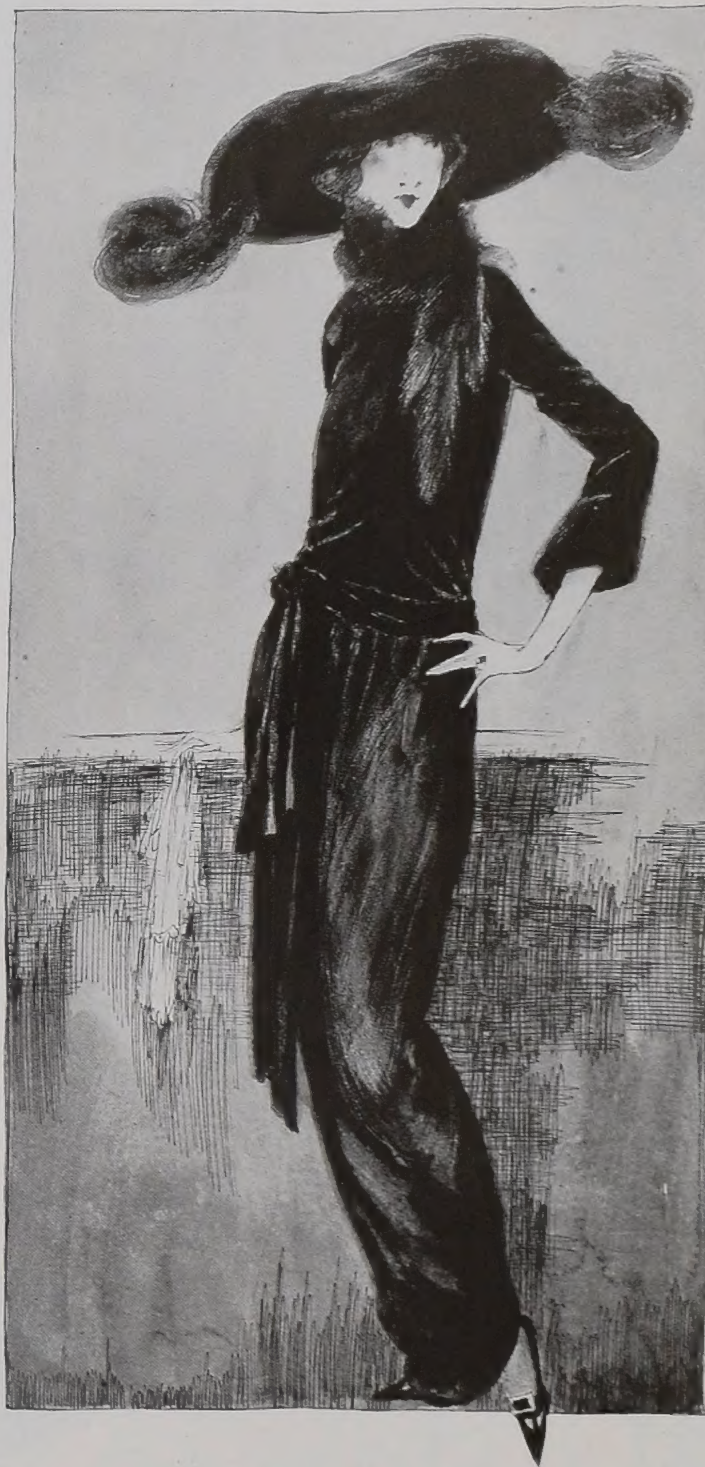
later the great Mrs. Siddons acted "The Grecian Daughter," a popular melodrama of the day, in a great head-dress of powdered curls with a forest of feathers waving above them, high-heeled shoes, and a portentous hoop. Even so recent an actress as Fanny Kemble made her debut as *Juliet* in what she calls "the traditional stage costume," consisting of a low-necked and short-sleeved gown of white satin with a three-yard train. Her hair was dressed as she usually wore it, and she added a diamond comb and girle in order to substantiate the social positions of the Capulets. Later on in her career the niece of the great Mrs. Siddons also acted "The Grecian Daughter," and she did it in what she evidently considered a strictly Greek costume, which is described as an immensely full skirt of white merino with a rich gold border and an embroidered drapery for the shoulders, leaving the arms uncovered. "Of course," she adds naively, "I wore flesh coloured silk gloves." In the good old days the theatre was a world of precious illusion to which people went with open minds. The *Encyclopædia Britannica* was not then a part of the furnishing of every family parlour, and such historical incongruities as a *Julius Caesar* in a bag wig disturbed the audience as little as did the introduction of a party of English clowns into the classic groves of Athens or the location of a scene on the coast of Bohemia.

#### THE PASSING OF THE COSTUME PLAY

For the present day audience the costume play seems to have lost its charm. There is none on the theatrical horizon at present, and there was only one last season, when Billie Burke captivated her admirers in the powder and patches of "A Marriage of Convenience." Maybe the war has made our stage too severely practical, though in Paris there have been several plays, particularly one called "Plus Ça Change," costumed by Paul Poiret, in which Paris indulged its delight in the fantastic to the full. Costume plays are always excessively expensive and difficult to do well. Probably they were never better handled than at the Théâtre Porte Saint Martin, where the production of "L'Affaire des Poisons," for example, (one of the last things in which Coquelin Aîné appeared) was given. It was remarkable for its minute fidelity to the period of Louis XIV in which the scene was laid. Down to the last detail of hair-dressing, the costumes were true to the epoch of the day, and historical hair-dressing is a common pitfall for the producer of a period play. We have many present day actresses who ignore this important point as completely as Fanny Kemble ever did.

Occasionally an artist, in designing for the stage, achieves an effect which is an anachronism, but which is so successful that the lapse may be forgiven. The famous gown which Sargent designed for Ellen Terry to wear as *Lady Macbeth* is a case in point. Its principal decoration was made of the green wings of Mexican beetles, though neither the lady nor her creator

(Continued on page 92)



In the first act of "I. O. U.," Mary Nash illustrates how to look expensive—and very delightful—by wearing a gown of inky blue velvet embroidered in wheat-ears of a lighter shade of blue, topped by a sable neck-piece and a black velvet hat on which black aigrettes make sweeping assertions as to their own loveliness

demned as the "arsnecke of pride." Queen Elizabeth is said to have had a custom of dressing alternately in English, French, and Italian fashions, and she particularly favoured the last because the cap and net showed to best advantage the red hair which she adored. London was filled with as many diverse nationalities then as New York is now, and even an unsophisticated Elizabethan audience would have resented it had a French character been dressed in any but the French mode. With historical correctness the stage of Shakspeare's day had



# THESE are the DEFENCES of PARIS AGAINST WINTER

"TEN francs for you if you find my luggage." The station employee is impressive and incorruptible; his rôle at the moment is to allow the people who have been waiting in line for three or four hours to pass through, ten at a time, and hunt for their trunks among those that are piled up beside the track. The mass of trunks piled upon the station platform, and even on the tracks, would reach as high as the second story of a house; it reminds one of piles of furniture thrown out in the excitement of a fire. Thirty freight cars have not even been unloaded—they are waiting like huge animals asleep under the train sheds. Every one is pursuing a rather dangerous hunt for his own property in this mountain of trunks—a difficult task, for Parisians have been returning so rapidly to their city since the last victories that an extraordinary congestion has resulted.

## THE PARISIENNE COMES HOME

"The big guns have gone—let's hurry back," every one said, and all the timid souls hurried to stuff themselves, with a dozen or more others, into compartments intended for eight. To console any who complain, the station employees remark ironically, "You have plenty of time; some people have been here every day for ten days and haven't found anything yet." This is a pleasant prospect, but it is just another instance of retributive justice—for those who fled so hastily from danger, the return must necessarily be difficult and beset with obstacles. Besides, it would be too pleasant if everything always went smoothly.

It is easy to understand this eagerness to return, for Paris is, by degrees, becoming Paris once more, so different from the crowded towns of the South of France where only the climate

## Approaching Victory and the Added Encouragement of Each New Day Brings a Return of the Gaiety That Was France



De Givenchy

PREMET

*A bérêt for Mlle. Beggia and a collar, longer on one side than the other, for her grey bure tailleur, is made of the dark and devious mole*

made our aimless days endurable. Golf is all very well, and dinners at hotels, but what can compare with a dinner at the Ritz and the Parisian theatres which have reopened at once with new plays or with revivals for which new scenery and costumes have been made?

## A PARISIAN AUDIENCE

The mixed audience one sees at a last rehearsal or at a first night is always amusing. It was especially picturesque at the Athénée, at the début of Madame Marguerite Carré in the operetta, "La Petite Femme de Loth." There were many actors in uniform, and many actresses, some in evening dress and some in tailored suits, with their hats on their laps. Made-moiselle Balthy wore a very short cape of sky-blue buracotta edged with ermine and a very high felt toque to match with no trimming at all; worn over a smart black dress this was a happy idea. Mlle. Mistinguett wore a black jet dress with short sleeves of embroidered white tulle, and a jet hat worn low on the forehead with a red rose at the front. In shape it was exactly like a sports hat, but with this difference,—it was made, not of felt, but of the jet that one sees everywhere. Madame Jeanne Lanvin, whom I saw in one of the balcony seats, wore a dress made entirely of two shades of grey beads, the darker ones making a large pattern on the lighter background. A close fitting toque in black silk was hidden by a long veil heavy with jet and thrown back over the toque.

Everywhere dresses of silk jersey cut in one piece with a mere thread of a belt and very often with a square neck, are most popular. I have seen several ventures in the way of high collars in the dressmakers' creations, but I look for them in vain in the various exquisite gowns which I see worn by elegant women. I must say I like the open necks which are worn every-

where, for though they may be a bit daring, they are very pretty. I feel the same way about the popular short skirts which show the shoes and stockings, both of which are always fine and lovely. Very charming is the dress of crocheted silk—a sort of jersey—which Madame Charles Max wears. It is suitable to wear at a restaurant dinner or at a small theatre. It is made without sleeves and is extremely chic. The Mesnard sisters, who were among the first houses to make tricot fashionable, created this model for Mme. Charles Max, and also made for her a coat of fine silk jersey, resembling a monk's cape. It was charming, original, and very useful for the cold winter days.

## AT THE NEW PLAYS

The two plays which opened this week gave us nothing new in the way of clothes; only the audience had a claim to elegance. In the boxes at the Gymnase, at the première of "La Vérité Toute Nue," a translation by Pierre Weber of an American play, there were many large hats of light velvet worn with black or brown dresses, either of light jersey, of a heavily beaded material, or in brilliant satin as soft as silk muslin. On the stage, Mesdames Cheirel and Marken, and Messieurs Max Dearly and Cousin kept us well entertained and much amused. The costumes were not remarkable, for the plot of the play demands nothing striking. This very gay and witty adaptation is making a great success at the Gymnase.

Premet shows a smart arrangement of rough embroidered wool on a coat of black satin; the wool is arranged in such a fashion that it makes a sort of huge collar, really very new, and the idea of the border following the line of the coat is very pretty. Premet also shows a coat of



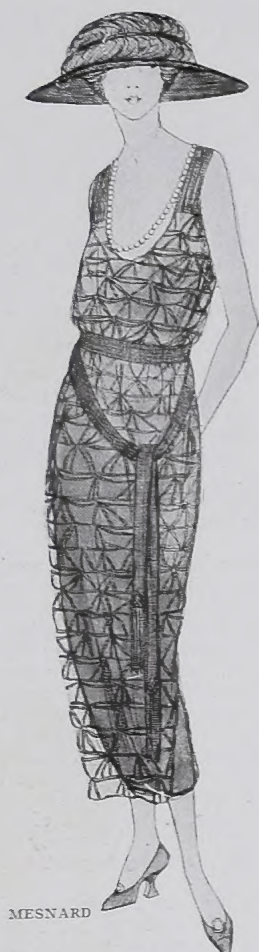
DOUCET

*Burnished steel (dreaded by the Boche) is the material used for the machine stitching on this tailleur with a long otter collar*



DOUCET

*Dark grey molleton trimmed with kolinsky makes the coat for a dress of grey and gold lamé with a band of grey molleton at the bottom*



Mme. Charles Max wears this original gown of black crochet over a very slim tight black satin "fourreau." A black ostrich feather curls around the hat of very fine straw



She buttons the extremely high otter collar of this dark grey coat of buracotta about her chin and then peeps over for a glimpse of the apron and pockets of the same fur



The wearing of a dark castor coat, simply made, with a double narrow belt and two convenient pockets, is just one more of those pleasant things that a young girl can do best

black serge edged with bands of mole and buttoning down the front,—a very practical style for winter mornings. Shown with it is a very amusing bell-shaped hat from Alex, of jade green felt with a wreath of black grapes and their leaves.

#### THE QUESTION OF HATS

It isn't only those pretty women whose rôle is to spend in order to be prettier still, who are absorbed in the question of hats. The feminists, incredible as it may seem, are quite as much interested, and women conductors on the underground railway are much upset because they have been asked to wear policemen's hats such as the conductors of the auto 'buses wear. Some of them have made a protest in the name of coquetry, and have asked for something more becoming—like the Basque cap that the train employees wear in certain small towns. All this goes to prove that coquetry will crop out even in the most ardent feminist. I'm not a feminist myself, so I am delighted when I find facts to support my theory.

Conspicuous among the various new details which one notices, now that all the activities of our normal life are being taken up once more and women have more time and thought—and more interest—to devote to the novelties of dress, are the beautiful necklaces and chains which one sees everywhere. They are varied according to the type of costume with which they are worn, and the occasion, formal or otherwise, for which their owners have selected them; but they are always decorative and beautiful. I have always liked long chains of beads—they offer so many charming opportunities for

coquetry. What could be more attractive than the way in which a woman with beautiful hands can turn and twist the jewels in her long white fingers, with a graceful motion of her delicate wrist.

Perhaps this recent vogue for necklaces was started by the bead chains which have been made by wounded soldiers. Many of these have been sent to America, and you are all, doubtless, familiar with them. They are, in many instances, very charming and unusual affairs, and are one among many of the interesting and lucrative employments within the range of our wounded and crippled men. It is interesting to notice how much individuality a man with a creative sense of beauty can put into one of these chains. Sometimes they are made of three or four amusing and unusual beads dangling at

the end of a silk cord, or they may be made of beads all of the same kind, but in varying shapes.

But the particular necklaces of which I speak and which are so fashionable at the present moment, are very magnificent affairs and really add an exquisite touch to a costume. A magnificent necklace worn by the Princesse de Chimay was a chaplet of onyx with a magnificent pearl between each piece of onyx. As this chain hung well below her waist, one can imagine the value of this bit of jewellery. Chains of this type have had the most tremendous vogue; every one is wearing them now in town, and some original souls have made a collection of them and vary their necklaces according to the dresses they wear or according to the days of the week—like the Persians who have a superstition that there is some mysterious connection between the moon and precious stones. Many of these necklaces are of onyx, lapis-lazuli, crystal, alternating black and yellow amber, or of jade and engraved turquoise. There are a thousand other combinations, of course; the one necessary thing seems to be that the stones should be unusual and curious. Many beautiful oriental stones are to be found in the antique shops, and the connoisseurs go there in search of them rather than to the jewelers.

It seems extraordinary to be relieved from the intense nervous strain under which we have been living for so long, and to have the heart to resume the interests which we had before the war. All the little normal details of everyday life, the opening of the theatres, and the renewed activity of Parisian life reflect very clearly the glorious news.

J. R. F.



As a compliment to the Americans, Jean Lauer, whose "toiles de guerre" have already brought him fame, designed this chintz in red, white, and blue, with the American marine and doughboy as triumphant figures

NEW FURS AND THE SLENDER SILHOU-

ETTE MAKE AN AGREEABLE COMPACT TO

FURNISH BOTH WARMTH AND BEAUTY

THE PARISIENNE PUTS HER FAITH IN

FURS AND VOWS THAT THIS YEAR'S

FROSTS SHALL NOT TAKE HER UNAWARES



JENNY

*Very new and plainly French is a winter frock called "Pour la Rue," in which navy blue muslin appears between rows of navy blue tricot over a tight silk underdress*



PREMET

*The coat of this wise black serge suit begins and ends in moleskin*



JENNY

*What could be warmer than a bodice of moleskin striped with otter over a fur-banded velvet skirt?*



PREMET

*Once again dark grey wool is playing the part of fur—this time in ever so many interesting rows making a broad collar, cuffs, and band which add warmth and chic to a coat of black satin*

*Furs Are the Surest*

*and Most Becoming*

*Refuge from the Cold*

*Winds of Winter*

MODELS IMPORTED BY H. JAECKEL



(Below) Just to show to what lengths a bit of grey squirrel may go once Jenny allows it to have its charming way, here is a coat of caracul with a deep shawl collar turned back from neck to hem and edged with bands of squirrel. The coat is slightly fitted at the waist and at the bottom slightly flaring; the sleeves have deep cuffs partly of the squirrel and partly of the caracul, and the total result is that inspiration, the narrow silhouette

(Below) Cold blows the wintry blast—but not if one is wrapped in this Alexrad and Aron cloak of grey squirrel skins beautifully matched and exquisitely worked, and collared with taupe fox fur. There is no conventional fastening arrangement—therein lies the charm. One wraps the luxurious folds according to one's own ingenuity, according to one's mood, according to one's whim, and the results are legion—but always delightfully warm and becoming

Baron de Meyer



One could not help being an architect of somebody's fate if one wore this silk-tasseled Lanvin scarf and muff of American and Russian ermine—or summer and winter ermine. Bands of weasel (the summer ermine) are worked together on the bias, while the lining is in white ermine. The scarf may be worn as a collar or with one end thrown over the shoulder carelessly—as if one could not be responsible for being so very pretty. Bright red felt, under the magic touch of Alex, became one of those delightful soft puffy hats with no shape at all, just made for a veil of tobacco brown



*Furs Drapable as*

*Satin Cut Into a*

*Wrap and Two*

*Ingenious Coats*

MODELS IMPORTED  
BY H. JAECKEL

*Jenny designed this short delightfully youthful coat of moleskins beautifully worked into ripples from the narrow shouldered yoke and finished at the bottom with three rippled bands of moleskin. At the neck below the collar the coat fastens with a buckle of dull gold. As for the hat, once upon a time it was merely a piece of black satin antique, but Talbot translated it in terms of a small stiff sailor shape and, voila!—its fortune is made, beyond any doubt*



Baron de Meyer

*(Right) That a draped line is the most graceful distance between two points is easily observed in this Callot wrap in Hudson seal trimmed with narrow bands of kolinsky. The garment is fashioned like an evening wrap and has an unusual collar, seal at the back and kolinsky at the front. Two narrow bands in kolinsky swing loosely at the back of the wrap, draped in under a deep kimono sleeve effect, and attach themselves to the front. Across the shoulders and arms the effect is wide, at the front it is narrow, and in every detail it is delightfully Parisian*



*(Left) More and more one sees that the work of Chéruit is not design but destiny—and so one is not surprised at the success of this short coat of nutria with narrow bands of seal. The coat is on straight box lines belted with bands of the fur. The straight high collar buttons at one side, as most of Chéruit's collars do this year. Although narrow at the top, the sleeves flare into a circular bell at the wrists and both collar and sleeves are finished with the seal. When it comes to the pockets—there is much to be said on both sides*



# DRESSING ON A WAR INCOME

Suggestions for That Always Welcome  
Gift, Lingerie, Are These Easily Made  
Models That Are Dainty and Yet Different

THERE is no more welcome gift to the average woman than a dainty piece of lingerie, and especially if it is hand-made and unusual in design. It is, however, difficult to find a pattern that is really unusual, and that may be easily copied by the amateur. Vogue has realized this difficulty and drafted these simple designs as suggestions to the woman who is living on a war income. The breakfast jacket which is both pretty and warm, the chemise for all occasions, the camisole for evening wear, and the nightgown with a quaint old-fashioned air, are all designs which will be useful both as Christmas gifts and as additions to her own supply of lingerie. At a glance one might say that these were frivolous gifts, in these days of practical giving, but in reality they are all designs with special merits which bring them into the class of useful presents. And there is added pleasure in the giving if one's gift is dainty and attractive. It may be ever so simple, ever so useful, and, at the same time, ever so charming. Vogue's pattern department will cut any one of these patterns, in size 36, at the special rate of 50 cents.

An excellent design for a camisole for evening wear—that garment that is often so difficult to find in the shops—is shown above. It is made with a straight fitted bodice with points back and front cut quite low to allow for one's most décolleté gowns. Washable satin is suggested as the material and lace as the trimming. Satin ribbon shoulder bands and a satin ribbon waist band are used, while groups of tiny tucks, at back and front, give it shape. This camisole is easily made, and it is a gift that is sure to please.



Here at last is a dainty  
camisole that will keep discreetly out of sight under  
one's evening gown

The new old-fashioned design for a nightgown, shown in the sketch at the upper right on this page, would be very charming made up in the new lingerie material called Arlette-Krepe. This material is 40 inches wide and is priced at \$3.50 a yard; it is sold at all the better class shops and is very lovely in flesh colour. Although it is sheer, soft, and silky, it is durable, as well, and particularly suitable for a nightgown of this type. The finely tucked yoke of the gown is square and the seams are outlined with tiny selvaged ruffles of the material. If one prefers, one may have long sleeves in place of the short puffy ones shown in the sketch, and these may be finished in the same way—with two tiny tucks and a ruffle. The gown buttons in front, as all old-fashioned nighties do.

Quite recently one of our readers came to us, very much distressed and out of patience with the world at large, because of the difficulty she had found in purchasing a dressing jacket. "It must have warmth, and it must be pretty," she insisted, and these demands seemed simple enough. Upon investigation we found, however, that they were by no means as simple as they first appeared. A jacket that is warm is apt to be thick and uncomfortably bulky, while one that is daintily made and of soft materials seldom offers sufficient protection for cold winter mornings. To meet this difficulty we are showing the model in the sketch at the lower left on this page. It is suggested in pale peach albatross trimmed with cream net and French blue ribbons in soft silk. The pattern is very simple, although it is made with long sleeves which have a "secret combination" to be used to keep



It's the new old-fashioned  
air that makes this night-  
gown so different from its  
sisters in the shops



The clumsiness that is apt to  
accompany a warm dressing  
jacket has been banished  
from this comfortable be-  
coming one



A chemise that is dainty  
enough to be worn as a  
foundation under one's film-  
iest frock is sure to be a  
welcome gift

one's forearms comfortably warm if one wishes to read in bed. The blue ribbons are made to be drawn through loops and tied at the wrist. The collar, cuffs, and pockets are finished with narrow picot edged ruffles of cream net which may be bought by the yard. A ribbon holds the jacket at the neck. A deep rose china silk would make a charming lining for this garment.

So often the chemise is not all that it should be, and especially at the present time when, frequently, it forms a foundation for a chiffon afternoon gown or a lace evening gown. In such cases, the underbodice should not resemble lingerie, but should seem to be a part of the gown. In the sketch at the lower right on this page a chemise of pure white ninon or heavy chiffon cloth is trimmed with lace medallions. The medallions may be bought in lots of one or two or by the dozen. They are in filet, in the Porto Rican laces, or in a fine Irish lace. They are applied on narrow bands of the chiffon on the bodice of the chemise and are set in around the bottom of the skirt. The shoulder straps and the binding at the bottom are of palest flesh satin ribbon. Between the bands of medallions, the chiffon is finely shirred. The chemise fastens under the arm at one side with tiny pearl buttons and loops, and a tiny edging of lace is used to finish the top.



Baron de Meyer

*There could hardly be a more becoming trim for a face than this ruffle of soft black velvet which lies in open pleats and forms the brim of a hat which is suitable for afternoon or evening wear. The narrow, rather high, crown is soft, too. This is another instance of the unstiffened hat, seen so much this winter, for which packing has no terrors.*

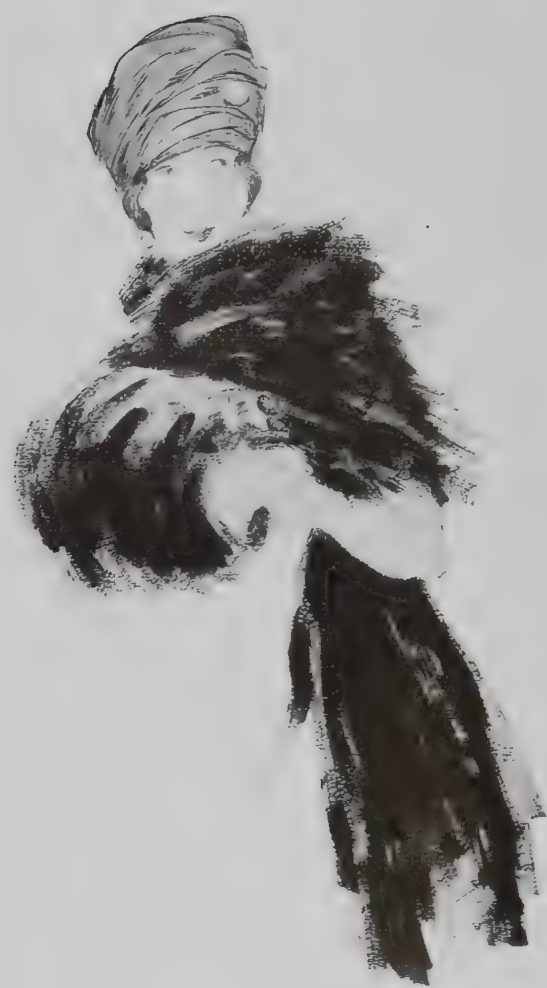
HATS FROM MACVEADY

## THE SOFT AND YIELDING WAYS

## THAT VELVET HATS HAVE OBLIG-

## INGLY ADOPTED THIS SEASON

*Velvet and felt are very self-sufficient this season. Many of them have no trimming at all, and others merely allow themselves a pearl hat pin. The hat photographed shows a version of the turban which is very popular in Paris just now. The putting which forms the brim is shirred to a line half way up the soft crown, and a pearl pin, set in a cup of platinum and brilliants, is the only trimming.*



*The days of stiff hat frames seem to be over, for any one of the hats on this page could be crushed into a corner of one's week-end bag and emerge with no traces of the experience. The hat shown in the sketch is a close fitting turban of soft taupe coloured velvet, cleverly draped, with a big pearl pin at one side as its only trimming.*



NEW YORK FOLLOWS *the* HORSES to PIPING ROCK

THE smartest and most interesting of the outdoor events of the autumn was the sixteenth annual Piping Rock Horse Show held on the grounds of the Piping Rock Club. As in the case of all other social events this year, the proceeds were contributed to charity, in this instance to the American Red Cross for the benefit of French children made destitute by the war. It is proverbial that the sun always shines on race days and horse show days at Piping Rock, and once again the ancient tradition held true. A warm Indian summer sun poured down upon the very smart crowd which had gathered. Most of the feminine members of the Long Island set were present, but many of the men, especially the younger men, whose names have long been associated with the Piping Rock Horse Show, were conspicuous by their absence. The usual club luncheon was served, and so large was the crowd that the tables were placed in the general assembly room and in the corridors. Several club members who had guests took advantage of the mild day and had luncheon served under the trees near the show ring.

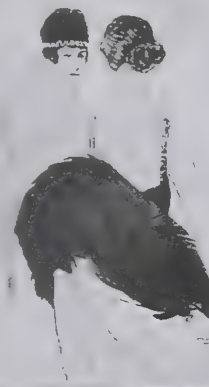
The events were interesting, and they demonstrated beyond a doubt that there is no diminution of interest in horses. A number of visiting officers rode and added much to the picturesqueness of the scene, but the heroine of the afternoon was unquestionably little Becky Lanier, who rode in a number of races. Little Miss Lanier, who is not yet twelve years old, came



The Piping Rock Club house, low, rambling, and picturesquely situated, was the Mecca for all motors

Mrs. Ogden L. Mills wore the interesting gown of black velvet over cream chiffon sketched at the left

Miss Ethel Barrymore was the guest of Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, junior, at Tolstoi's "Redemption"



across the sound from Greenwich with her father's thoroughbred hunters, Down East, Bolling, and Becky, and began by taking both first and second prizes in the class for hunters ridden by boys and girls not over the age of sixteen. Later in the day she rode in competition with British and American Army officers and amateur steeplechase and hunt riders in a stirring contest over the jumps and wrested the blue ribbon from this notable company. As a climax to the glory of the day, she carried off the Meadow Brook Challenge Cup offered by Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock for the best hunter in the show. The riding of this school girl horsewoman was a joy to behold. A slender childish figure, softly waved brown braids bobbing from under her little derby, she sat the big hunters faultlessly and handled them in a manner which was a revelation to many of the experienced horsemen and horsewomen present. Little Miss Lanier, it will be recalled, had a similar triumph, during the late summer at Newport, where she was more fortunate than at the

New York Horse Show last season when she had a nasty fall in one of the early events.

The usual varied types of good-looking conservative clothes were worn by the spectators on this occasion. Little in the way of conspicuous novelty in dress is to be seen this season, but there is no noticeable falling off in the general effect of smartness. Especially noticeable was the number of capes, among which was a particu-

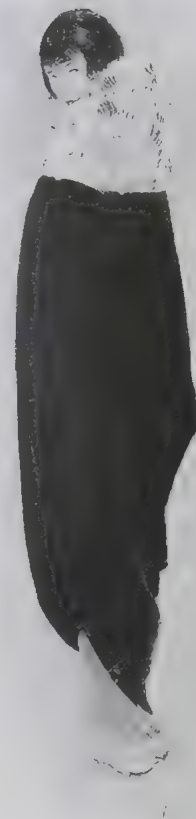
(Continued on page 94)



Mrs. Morgan Belmont's wayward cape of taupe velours lined with navy blue elects to have but one sleeve



The gentleman in white with the round hat is taking his mother, Mr. George Faker, junior, to the race



Mrs. Cyril Hatch chose a black velvet coat collared with that fur-like fringe which is so popular this season

Miss Evelina Gleaves, daughter of Rear-Admiral Gleaves, Mrs. George E. Kent, Mrs. S. Bryce Wing, and Mrs. William Russell Grace were spectators at one of the feature events of the day



Mrs. S. Bryce Wing (second from the right), who recently returned from Southampton, wore one of the popular wool scarfs of the season with her sports costume of the new bark colour



Bain News Service

Mrs. J. Sergeant Cram motored to the Horse Show with her two sons, Masters Harry and John, and her little daughter, Miss Edith Cram. Mrs. Cram wore an embroidered gown of dark serge

© International Film Service, Inc.



Central News Photo Service

Mrs. Stephen Peabody, junior, was accompanied by her son, Master Stephen Peabody, third, and her shepherd dog, and patriotically drove her own car when she motored over to the Horse Show

## SOCIETY ATTENDS THE ANNUAL

## PIPING ROCK HORSE SHOW



## AN EVENT GIVEN FOR THE

## BENEFIT OF THE RED CROSS

© Kadel and Herbert

Mrs. Harry I. Nicholas, Mrs. Joseph E. Davis, and Mrs. Arthur Scott Burden, who had several successful entries, were an interesting group. Mrs. Nicholas wore a sports skirt, sweater, and tur. Mrs. Davis a correct riding outfit, and Mrs. Burden a dark sports suit with a smart hat



© Kadel and Herbert

Miss Ellin Mackay (left) and Miss Katherine Mackay (right) are shown with Mr. R. P. Gray. Miss Katherine Mackay would have been a debutante had it not been for the war



© International Film Service, Inc.

Mr. George F. Baker and his granddaughter, Miss Winifred Lowe, are shown here with Mr. Lowe's saddle pony, Rasuli, who was ridden by Miss Winifred, winning the third prize

## VOGUE POINTS FROM PARIS

Just the Addition of a Girdle, a Waistcoat, an Apron, or a Collar May Make or Mar the Effect of a Whole Costume



*The blackest velvet girdle may have a silver lining and tie in a bow at the side front*

LOOKING back upon the Paris openings represented by models from the big houses, we have somewhat the impression which one gains in walking through a picture gallery containing exhibits of the most modern painters. The general impression is so varied and so vivid that we have little time for individual detail. Vogue has repeated again and again that the detail in a gown is most important, and since the very beginning of the war, more and more attention has been given to accessories, for it is in the matter of details that the gowns have been made new.

Americans have a tremendous admiration for the type of mind that can and does create, as the French have, through the most terrific bombardments. The French couturiers have concerned themselves with the smallest trifles of beauty and ornamentation. These "trifles" are so delicate, so piquant, and intriguing that it seems worth while to devote an article to them, calling attention to each separate novelty. Each is novel in an entirely different fashion, and each, no matter how insignificant it may seem, is, to say the least, original.

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the upper right on this page. The sleeve is formed by a panel back which runs over the shoulders to the front. This is lined with a different material in a harmonizing colour; in this case black satin is lined with silver. A low round neck is used at the front, and this is filled in with pale beige batiste, delicately embroidered. Embroidered batiste with a scalloped edge outlines the neck.

Of course, an accessory of dress that admits of infinite variety is the waistcoat or waistcoat blouse. There are many versions of this garment, and a more useful fashion has not been created in several seasons. The sketch in the middle of this page gives one an excellent idea of the waistcoat blouse and of its effectiveness when worn with a tailored suit. These waistcoats are made up in a number of materials, from the most delicate chiffons to the most durable wool fabrics. The one illustrated is in a heavy metal and satin brocade, combining dull purple and dull gold in a rather elaborate design. The sleeves and back are in dull bronze chiffon. It is worn with a suit of tobacco brown wool material. The fact that

such an elaborate blouse as this is shown with a simple tailored suit of wool is surprising, and one must see the combination in order to appreciate fully the chic effect. The sleeve sketched just below this waistcoat has a most unusual opening at the wrist and shows an undersleeve of delicate material, while the sleeve itself is in satin, velvet, or serge.

At the lower left on this page is sketched a full collar with a narrow surplice fichu effect. It is pale grey net and was shown on an afternoon gown in taupe coloured taffeta. This collar might easily be copied at little expense. A full, frilly, gathered ruffle of net, with a band of the net filling in a low neck-line, gives a most youthful effect and is equally appropriate for a matron or a young girl. A double band at the neck and sleeves is used in the distinctive blouse sketched



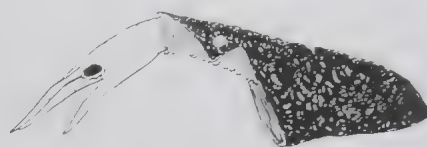
*A novel panel that makes both back and sleeves is combined with a new neck-line*



*Every wise suit, this season, appreciates what a waistcoat blouse will do for its appearance*



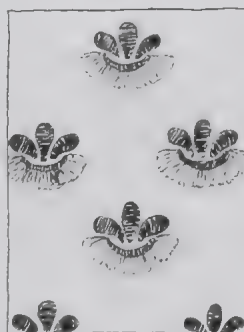
*The simplest gown may be "dressed up" with a frilly ruffle and a soft surplice band of fine grey net*



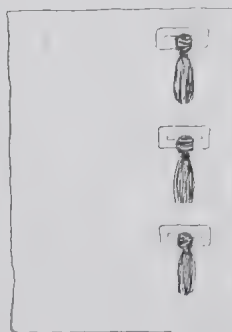
*So very distinctive and becoming a sleeve makes one's very fingers feel aristocratic*



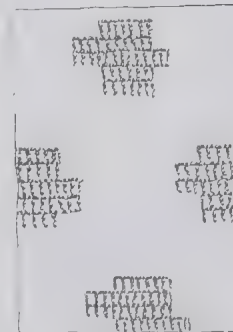
*The black satin that makes bands and a quaint front panel on this frock follows a way all its own*



*Black silk and black wool fringe join forces to make this unusual embroidery*



*Of course, one's daytime frock would like to be fastened with odd tassel buttons*



*Narrow steel bead fringe has gone in for embroidery on an afternoon gown*

at the lower right on page 48. The blouse is of serge with black satin forming a panel at the front of the bodice and the cuff, and a narrow band of the black satin is used at the neck, above the first line, to correspond to the line on the cuff.

Embroideries offer another field for novelty in detail, and many new designs have been worked out, each with a meaning all its own. "After the Rain," as one bit of embroidery is called, is made up of groups of small crystal beads with faint rainbow tints. The steel bead fringe embroidery shown on a black satin gown and sketched at the lower right on page 48 is of small broken groups of fringe used on a band that borders the hem of an afternoon gown. A combination of silk and wool shown at the lower left on the same page is most effective. Black silk is embroidered into a quaint design based on a fringe of black wool. This is used on a gown of navy blue serge. The tassel buttons sketched in the middle are very unusual and are useful as well as ornamental. On a smart one-piece dress of navy blue gabardine they fasten the dress from shoulder to hem. They are made of fine black silk cords and slip through narrow buttonholes which are beautifully Frenched.

#### TO TOP ONE'S FROCK

In the sketch at the top on this page is shown a high collar on a vest worn with a coat-dress of brown duvetyn. The duvetyn collar drapes softly about the neck and fastens at the back. It is outlined at the bottom with pale beige angora, and embroidery in this angora is used across the front. This is a practical detail that might well take the place of fur in certain climates. Another high collar is sketched at the upper left on this page. A "front," speaking in simple old-fashioned terms, is of white batiste run with embroidery in fine silver and gold threads; this is used in an afternoon gown in black satin. The unusual line of the bodice at the waist is cleverly handled, and the knot conceals the fastening hooks. The high collar, fastening in front, is new, as is the open slit in the front of the "waistcoat front." Collars are interesting not only on one-piece dresses, but on coats and suits, as well. At the upper right on this page is sketched a high fur collar which runs into a deep patch in the back. The patch is fastened to the coat, while a hood-like drapery softens the line. This is extremely effective on a coat of golden tan velours.

When the young debutante looks for an eve-



*The old-fashioned "front" has recently acquired some modern additions and a great deal of charm*



*This soft angora-edged collar has climbed to the heights of fashion*

*(Below) As you see, two neck-lines may make an evening gown doubly attractive*



*(Below) It is but recently that waistcoats and aprons have become so compatible and angora trimming is largely responsible*



*This interesting collar devotes most of its attention to the back of the coat it accompanies*

simple dress with equal success.

A variety of new girdles are shown at the bottom of this page. The sketch at the left shows a girdle made of two narrow strips of ribbon, gold and silver, or of two contrasting colours. A small bouquet of hand-made flowers in coloured silks with gold and silver leaves trims this girdle which is charming for an evening gown of a sheer material such as chiffon.

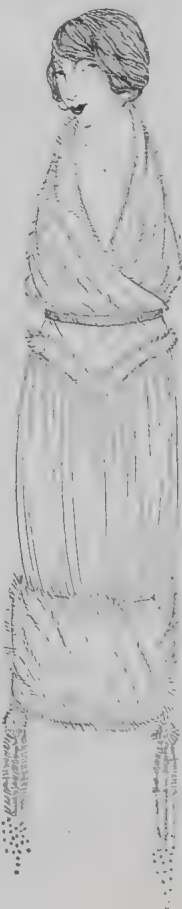
#### THE NEWEST WAYS OF GIRDLES

In the sketch next it, a narrow girdle on an apricot coloured chiffon dress is made of apricot coloured grosgrain ribbon wound about the waist and tied in a small bow in the front. The sketch at the extreme right shows a narrow belt of black silk braid which is used on a blue serge one-piece dress. It hangs loosely on a low line across the back, then runs straight around the waist and ties in a bow at the front. The sketch next it and to the left shows a new and charming use of white angora on black satin. Black satin buttons are outlined with the angora and a three quarter sleeve is finished with a short fringe of this soft becoming wool. The belt on this dress is of black and white patches made by patches of white embroidered in the angora on black satin in a novel and unusually attractive way. If there is any one detail which determines a gown's effectiveness, that detail is the girdle.



*Apricot ribbon winds itself delightfully around an apricot chiffon frock*

*(Left) Two ribbons and a bouquet of flowers make a charming narrow girdle*



*Here is one more pleasant combination of black satin and white angora*

*(Right) This black braid belt follows a circuitous route on a serge frock*





Lachrach Studio

# MRS. W. SCOTT CAMERON

*Mrs. W. Scott Cameron, who, before her marriage, was Miss Rosalie W. de Goicouria, is the wife of Captain W. Scott Cameron and the sister of Mrs. August Belmont, junior. Captain Cameron, who has recently returned*

*from France, expects to be stationed, temporarily, at Camp Grant, Rockford, Illinois. Mrs. Cameron and her daughter, Miss Rhoda Cameron, spent last summer at their home, "The Moorings," at Southampton, Long Island*

# H O E I N G F O R D E M O C R A C Y

## WON'T YOU FARM BY PROXY?

The Woman's Land Army is making a canvass for members. If you don't belong, won't you support the woman who goes into the fields?

Subscribing Membership.....\$ 1.00

Sustaining Membership.....\$ 5.00

Scholarship at an Agricultural

College .....\$200.00

If you can speak, won't you write and offer your services to the Publicity Department?

Woman's Land Army Head Office,  
19 West 44th St., New York City



Brown Brothers

Tractors are no novelty in the life of the Vassar undergraduate now that the college has decided to keep the home fields earning through the summer months

FROM the days of Mary Lyon onward, the American College woman has always been proving something to somebody. To begin with, there was the dispute concerning itself with her brain, which weighed less than a man's; this year it has been her biceps that measure less. But whether with Greek roots or a hay fork, the college woman has had the best of the argument every time, largely because the thing that makes a human being a success can't be measured either in ounces or inches, and, when you do succeed in isolating it, it doesn't turn out to be a product of sex at all.

The food problem of America, which is to say the food problem of the Allies, has always been in the hands of women—women who cook, women who direct their servants as to what to cook. But this year another class of women took a hand in the greatest of all games. They were young women who hadn't homes of their own, fifteen thousand of them under the leadership of the Woman's Land Army of America. And of these chosen battalions of the soil, sixty per cent. were college women, graduates or members of the student body, women in the main who were as unused to manual labour as Queen Victoria was to short skirts.

"Yes, fifteen thousand," said the Secretary of the Woman's Land Army in her office at 19 West 44th Street, New York. "One thousand in New



Walsh

It may not result in War Crosses, or even a corporal's stripes, this routing the Kaiser on the tomato salient, but Vassar did it just the same, right through the hottest days of August

units, as Barnard did at Bedford. Our Bedford camp had one hundred and sixty girls in it; each one was taught in the home garden first and tested as to physical fitness, then put into the regular unit and hired out for a radius of twenty-five miles. Even if we did fight with hay forks, we were a real military camp. We had Army rising hours. And ten dogs.

(Continued on page 60)



The Wellesley Land Army Training Camp was laid out by officers of the U.S. Marines, but the capable ladies in the picture dug trenches and foundations and did all the carpentry work for a unit of thirty

# PHONOGRAPHS *and* RECORDS ENLIST *for* OVERSEAS

## FIGHT THE KAISER ON YOUR PHONOGRAPH

*The Phonograph Records Recruiting Corps at 21 East 40th St., New York City, wants phonographs that aren't needed at home. It also wants records that aren't engaged in essential industry. And it wants needles in unlimited quantities. Every one who contributes ten large-sized records may have Geraldine Farrar's autograph on one of their own.*

*Music has a definite work to do in this war. Your records will help to do that work. Or they'll be slackers. Give all you can. And if there is no branch of the Recruiting Corps in your neighborhood—go out and organize one.*

IT was rather a small hospital and rather far off the line of march of any patriotic organization. Nobody came to give concerts—no well-wishful amateur, no game little East Side vaudevillian with a big hat for her sole prop, let alone any one whose name has ever had a white-lighted sign all to its electric self. Only one thing ever happened, and that happened at intervals of a week—the regimental band concert.

There weren't very many convalescents, but they were such an ill-assorted crowd that there seemed more of them than there were—a Greek, two or three Italians, a negro or so, farm lads with various degrees of Western slang and Southern drawl, and two college men.

### THE QUEEREST DREAMIEST NIGHTS

"At night they sit and stare into the fire," wrote the little nurse who tried so hard to mother them. "They never had much in common, and they're all talked out. The band concert fills one night. But the rest are the queerest dreamiest nights I ever put in. I don't seem able to rouse them."

But one day somebody sent a phonograph. It wasn't a new instrument; it never had been a very good one. But it seemed to know everything from the repertoires of the chief stars at the Metropolitan to the sentiments of the raucous youth who aimed to get the other pup, the man who woke the bugler up, and spent the rest of his life in bed.



Press Illustrating Service

*When home is just the worst end of a Y. M. C. A. Hut, it needs a good many of those jolly patriotic records to keep a man realizing what a noble thing he's doing in making the world "a better ole"*

"Noisy?" said the little nurse. "It never stops until they're all tucked in and their temperatures taken. And it begins with the earliest riser. But it spreads the good cheer of band concert night over the whole week. Music is the only thing they ever had in common, and now they've all of it they want. God bless the phonograph, I say—but heaven send a new batch of records!"

It was incidents like this that started the crusade of the Phonograph Records Recruiting Corps, whose head office is at 21 East 40th Street, New York City, and whose aim is a round million records for the soldiers; the first recruiting week for slacker records and phonographs began on October twenty-sixth.

There's an impressive list of National Committee members, running down through the alphabet from Frances Alda, Margaret Anglin, and Enrico Caruso to Schumann-Heink, Lieutenant John Philip Sousa, Julian Street, and Ida Tarbell. That it represents a fairly wide range of humanity may be judged from the fact that Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt sits side by side with James Montgomery Flagg, and Mrs. George Jay Gould and Samuel Gompers share the very same type.

When you come to think of it, the phonograph itself is both an aristocrat and a democrat, just like the Army. And in all sorts of homes there

*(Continued on page 83)*



Central News Agency

*Wouldn't you like your records to enlist in this overseas corps? There isn't a well man in the picture, but—thanks to the moment's music—there isn't an unhappy man either*

# The Great Battle Against the Buns

*Details of the Anti-Temperance Offensive in Champagne*

By GEORGE S. CHAPPELL

WHY are people so apathetic about the great wave of Prohibition which is sweeping over the country? Why do men go to their clubs, their dinners, their after-theatre parties where they enjoy—in moderation, be assured,—the solace of the once flowing bowl, which now trickles in a diluted stream, and of which they partake with well-regulated abstinence, and yet without once betraying their knowledge of the looming fact that soon, ah! very soon, this slender brooklet will dry up and disappear.

Verily, we are a strange people! Sahara surrounds us on all sides and we look upon the prospect calmly, even indifferently.

BUT I think I have discovered the reason for the apparent apathy in this particular regard. The news of the great Reform wave, the details of the bitter struggles between the Wets and the Drys, the skirmishes, advances and retreats, take place in our halls of Legislation. Their organ of publicity, *The Congressional Record*, is as dry as the most ardent anti-saloon Leaguer could wish. Hence the propaganda stuff does not get over. It never reaches the public.

As one who believes in pitiless publicity on all topics of nation-wide interest, it seems my plain duty to bring the vital character of this great struggle before the moderate thinkers—and drinkers—of our country. This I can do best by borrowing the phraseology of the other great war,—which I do with reverence, and simply to bring the matter home to the thoughtless and unheeding. Imagine yourself, then, unfolding your favorite morning paper to be confronted with some such article as

## GREAT ADVANCE BY DRY FORCES

*Allies take Boissons. Latest news of the battle for Prohibition. By —'s (insert your favorite morning paper), special correspondent at the front, James W. Drinkwater.*

*Somewhere in Champagne. Oct. 24. (By aero-post.)* When I walked through the once pleasant streets of Boissons at two A. M. to-day, I could not help wishing that the picture of desolation which presented itself to me could be thrown on the screen of every moving picture palace in America, to bring home, if possible, to our people the vandalism perpetrated by Ober-general DeWett's retiring forces. Hand-picked troops under General Trinken (they were mostly of the famous Holstein and Hoffbrau divisions) have waged a fierce battle for this little town since last Thursday. The allied forces under General Sec were not, however, to be denied. Their success is a high tribute to the strategy of Maréchal Buonpas and a supreme vindication of President Wilson's recently stated insistence upon a one-man-Top.

The scene about me spoke eloquently of a destructiveness which would have brought the blush of shame to the cheeks of the enemies'

arch-prototype, Attila the Bun. Literally, not one stone was left standing on another. La Rue de Pomard, the main street of the village, which used to run East and West, now points North and South. This will give a faint idea of the terrific pounding which the Buns underwent at the hands of our gunners who, in the later stages of the struggle, fired their gigantic 220 mil. Bill-Bryans point blank at twenty-yard range into the tottering walls of the Ançienne Brasserie de la Galette, which the enemy defended with the utmost perspiration.

ORDERS taken on captured officers show that the troops were commanded to hold all breweries to the death—and they obeyed. Battered tanks clog the narrow thoroughfares rendering traffic well-nigh impossible. Our troops

THE much vaunted Whiffenpoof Line has already been pierced at two points, one East of Rummycourt, menacing the important railway center of Pille and the Canal de Suds, the other, Southeast of Chateau Yquem where our troops, astride the Barelle, have reached the junction of that river with its tributary, the Bière, at Trou-le-Bung.

It was here that special gallantry was displayed by our colored troops who took Ham, with great enthusiasm and appetite, after the repulse of the Jewish Volunteers, who fell back on Bivaux in the face of vastly superior and more numerous forces.

In this connection it should be mentioned that the apparent inactivity of certain of our elements has been due to the fact that they found themselves opposed to Bun shock-troops

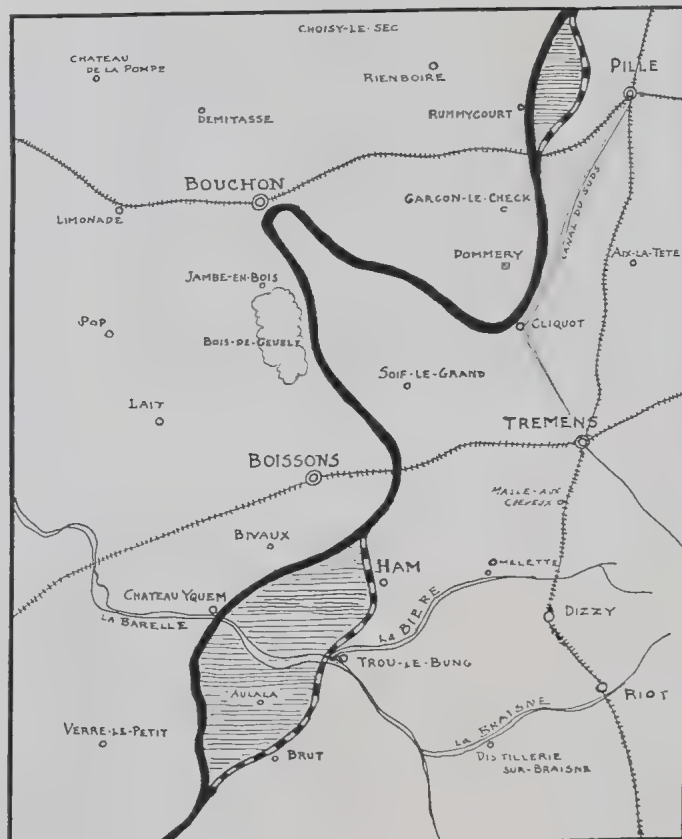
without the very necessary equipment of shock-absorbers. It is understood, however, that this defect has been remedied. Everywhere the new whippet water-wagons are doing wonderful work. Their effectiveness would have been increased had it not been for the difficulty in securing drivers. Owing to the gentle, rolling motion of the wagons, many of the men entrusted with the task of driving were displaced from their seats during the skirmishes. In one company alone, fifty-six per cent of the drivers failed to keep their places. One young American, more persistent than the rest, mounted his particular wagon twelve times in one engagement, only to be unseated on every occasion.

The water wagons proved particularly effective in mopping up around Boissons and Rummycourt. After the destruction of the Galette brewery, Major Croton, whose name will be familiar to many residents of New York and Ken-sico, was breveted on the field and the entire siphon-and-hose division has been recommended to receive the Congressional Blue Ribbon.

TO sum up,—once DeWett's bottle is broken, a retreat to the old Whiffenpoof Line is inevitable. The question is, will the enemy go further? Will he elect to stand on this line pending a subtle peace-offensive, or will he be forced to his last great strongholds defending the home-land?

In the latter case, which seems the more probable, his line would run about due South from Pille through the towns of Tremens, Dizzy and Riot. It is inconceivable that DeWett will ever give up Tremens. It is the last resort of the Buns. To surrender that would be to yield all, and before that happens we may look to see serious proposals which would terminate hostilities.

I am frequently asked when this war will end. Like other war correspondents I am in a position to know,—not vaguely or indefinitely, but with the utmost precision. After mature study of conditions and after reading the accounts of legislation recently enacted at Washington I do not hesitate to state, emphatically, that it will all be over on July 2nd, 1919.



MAP OF THE GREAT BUN OFFENSIVE

The dotted line marks the advance from before to now; the arrows point in the direction to which from whence; the chequered area being that surrendered when it was given up. The numbers indicate the places that are there. No matter how many miles to Berlin

have not yet occupied the town as, following their usual custom, the enemy has filled every lake, reservoir, spring, well, pump, water bucket and tooth mug with laughing gas. Such efficiency, even in defeat, warns our war-councils of bitter struggles yet to come.

It would seem, however, that the general retrograde movement toward the Rhine provinces has been definitely decided upon. A glance at the map will show the stand made by the Münchener and Budweiser Divisions, at Bouchon. It is here that Generals Durstig and Schwiller have, for over a week, held up our advance, the line taking the form of a bottle, with Bouchon at the apex.

Its fall cannot be very long delayed.



DR. HENRY B. GOODWIN, STOCKHOLM

Jenny Hasselqvist and Svenn Tropp, who have developed a suite of picturesque Siamese dances which they have been giving with success at the Royal Opera in Stockholm, in which organization Miss Hasselqvist is now the première danseuse



KATSURA

Mme. Tomako Kimura is a dancer who has achieved so much fame and success in Tokio and in other capitals in Japan that she was enabled to come to this country, where, after a number of recitals, she has opened a Japanese dancing studio

Margaret Morris has been giving a series of special performances at her own theatre in Chelsea, London. Here she is seen in a dance entitled "The Golden Idol". The costumes in her dance have been largely copied from classical Burmese paintings. Her musical accompaniments are by Claude De Bussy



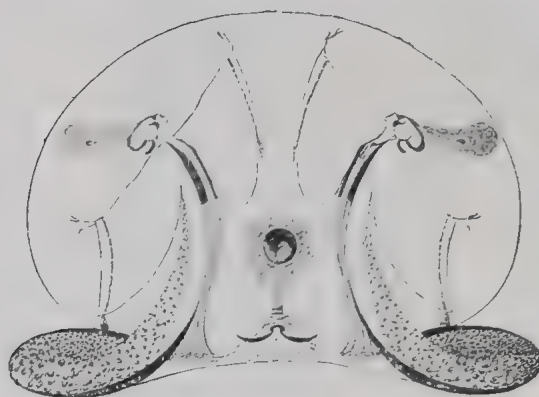
E. O. HOPPE

## Eastern Dancing Still Reigns in Western Capitals

*Oriental Dancers in Stockholm, New York and London*

HOWEVER much the war may have interfered with the progress of the legitimate drama, it can't be said to have had the same effect upon stage dancing. In every great capital, whether belligerent or neutral, the demand for dancing seems to be more and more insistent on the part of contemporary theatrical audiences. In London, the most successful stage enterprises of the

day are always those in which dancing plays a prominent part. In Stockholm and in other Scandinavian cities the same rule holds true, while in New York it may almost be said that dancing has cast the legitimate drama quite in the shade. The picture appearing at the top of this page is the work of Henry B. Goodwin, of Stockholm, one of the best of living European photographers.



The sketches on this page are by John Barbour and are from his designs for the Review at the Palais Royal called "The Spice of Life"

## S E E N o n t h e S T A G E

**W**HENEVER a great master of one medium of art feels impelled to express himself through another medium with which he is comparatively unfamiliar, the result, though seldom completely satisfactory, is nearly always interesting and is often strikingly original. Michelangelo was primarily a sculptor, secondarily a painter; and only rarely did he turn his hand to architecture. When he was called upon to disentangle the confusion into which the pattern for St. Peter's had become involved, he did not succeed in working out the problem to a logical conclusion; but, obeying an heroic impulse, he crowned an architectural monstrosity with that incomparable dome which is one of the glories of the world.

A great man who is also a great artist within his chosen and accustomed sphere may bring to the practice of an unfamiliar craft a freshness of spirit that is rendered more acute because, for once, he is working as an amateur and not as a professional. Who is there who would not wish to read that fabled century of sonnets which Raphael is reputed to have written for his lady? And is there a picture in all Florence that we would not gladly give for a sight of that lost drawing of an angel which Dante tells us that he was engaged upon one day when he was interrupted by the intrusion of certain people of importance? Doubtless Raphael was not another Petrarch, nor could Dante be regarded as a second Giotto; but these labours of their love must cer-

### A Russian Drama, by Tolstoi, Stands Out Among a Wide Variety of New Plays

By CLAYTON HAMILTON



Arnold Gentne

Jane Cowl has forgotten all the tears she shed in "Lilac Time" and is appearing in "Information, Please!", a comedy written by herself and Jane Murfin. Miss Cowl has proved forever that she can weep and now, to the surprise of her admirers, perhaps, she is giving a sprightly interpretation of Lady Betty Desmond, a perverse and madcap heroine

tainly have been irradiated with the very essence of their souls.

Count Leo Tolstoi, before making his noble but regrettable decision to renounce the practice of creative literature in order to immerse his mind in religious meditation, had established an impregnable reputation as one of the greatest novelists that ever lived. On the other hand, he had had no training whatsoever as a dramatist. In the first place, he had never been a theatre-going man, nor even a closet-student of the masterpieces of dramatic literature; and, in the second place, when Tolstoi's career was at its prime, the modern Russian drama had not yet emerged, and the Russian theatre, which is now so well equipped, was in its infancy. Yet, late in his life, this great writer felt a strong impulsion to express himself in the dramatic form; and, regardless of his lack of training in an unaccustomed craft, he wrote two or three plays, of which the most interesting is, perhaps, "The Living Corpse."

"The Living Corpse" was written in 1902, when Count Tolstoi was seventy-four years old. He did not live to complete the final revision of the text that he had intended; but a full manuscript was found among his papers after his death, and the piece was soon accorded a posthumous production. It has been famous on the continent of Europe for a decade and a half; and, in past years, it has been acted in New York both in German and in Yiddish. The first American production in the English language has lately been





Albee

*Mary Nash, who starred in "I. O. U." a stage version of the scenario, "The Cheat," overcame with skill all the difficulties of a strenuous rôle*

launched by Arthur Hopkins; and this production affords a welcome opportunity for studying this interesting play.

#### AN EXCELLENT PRODUCTION

It should be said at once that the current exhibition at the Plymouth Theatre is worthy of extraordinary commendation. The acting, in the main, is excellent, though one or two of the parts have been unfortunately cast. The actress who plays the gypsy girl, for instance, is lacking in fire and fervour, and lacks even more the needed note of absolute sincerity. The leading part is beautifully played by John Barrymore. His performance is less impassioned than that of the very able German actor, Rudolph Christians; it is more quietly conceived and delicately rendered. In its own way, Mr. Barrymore's performance is a masterpiece. Assuredly it adds a sprig of laurel to what is rapidly becoming one of the most impressive careers on the American stage. The settings, which have been designed by Robert Edmond Jones, are beautifully simple, and delicately decorative in line and colour. The lighting of the stage is very lovely; and Mr. Hopkins has once again revealed his rare eye for composition in the groupings of the actors. An exquisite accompaniment of Russian music is provided by an orchestra under the direction of Maurice Nitke; and the chants of the gypsies are magnificently rendered.

Count Leo Tolstoi is not on trial at the Plymouth Theatre. Neither is Mr. Barrymore, nor Mr. Jones, nor Mr. Hopkins. These artists have undertaken a great work and done it well. But the theatre-going public of New York is now on trial. If our public permits this fine production to languish for lack of patronage, an unwelcome conclusion will be indicated that, though we may succeed as a nation in making the world

safe for democracy, we have not yet succeeded in making our own metropolis safe for art.

#### "REDEMPTION"

In order to point the way to the Plymouth Theatre, it is necessary to announce that Mr. Hopkins has changed the title of "The Living Corpse." From the merely commercial point of view, it seems rather ill-advised to sacrifice the advertising value of an unforgettable title that has been familiar to all cultivated people for a decade and a half; but doubtless some wiseacre of Broadway warned Mr. Hopkins that the theatre-going public of New York was not composed of cultivated people, and that admirers of Mr. Barrymore who had never heard of Count Tolstoi might be scared away from the box-office by a title that contained so gruesome a word as "corpse." At any rate, it is certainly a pity that this famous work should be announced with so inept a title as "Redemption." But let us endeavour to overlook this minor point of irritation, and turn our attention to a study of the play itself.

The first important point to be observed is that the structure of "The Living Corpse" is utterly unconventional. It would appear that Count Tolstoi, at the outset of the twentieth century, was either ignorant or scornful of the trend which the dramatic art had taken throughout the three preceding generations. It was Eugène Scribe, in the decade of the eighteen thirties, who initiated the nineteenth century formula of "the well-made play." This pattern was improved, in the succeeding generation, by Alexandre Dumas fils; and, in the decade of the eighteen nineties, it was improved still further by Sir Arthur Pinero. Scribe, also, was the teacher of Tolstoi's contemporary, Henrik Ibsen; and Ibsen is not only the greatest modern dramatist, but also the most representative

*One of the excellent things about "The Saving Grace" is Laura Hope Crews' interpretation of "Mrs. Corbett," the leading feminine character*





Charlotte Fairchild

Nobody could be very much surprised to see John Barrymore scoring a great personal triumph in "Redemption," the first English version of Tolstoi's drama, "The Living Corpse"

playwright of the nineteenth century. He taught, by his example, a very high regard for strictness of technique. No other plays of any period are so tightly and so carefully constructed as those of the great Norwegian dramatist. Every line is made to answer to every other line; and to delete a single speech or bit of "business" might lead to an unravelling of the entire pattern.

Tolstoi was either ignorant of Ibsen or unimpressed by his labourious example. No effort has been made to pattern "The Living Corpse" in three acts or in four, with every moment revealing a logical relation to every other moment. Instead, the story is unfolded in a sequence of eleven episodes. Only two of these episodes happen in the same place, so that ten different stage-settings are required; and the author handles the category of time as freely as he handles the category of place. Undoubtedly this narrative method was employed because it seemed most natural to the mind of a novelist. He imagined his story in chapters, not in acts; and he set it forth in the form and order in which it had revealed itself to his imagination.

It may seriously be doubted that Count Tolstoi was conscious of the fact that his technical method more nearly resembled that of Shakespeare than that of the best playwrights of the nineteenth century. Shakespeare's frequent changes of time and place, his free and easy habit of constructing a play in an uncounted sequence of scenes, were practically suited to the exigencies of the inner and outer stage for which his plays were fashioned; but assuredly the Russian novelist was not attempting to plan a piece for the Elizabethan theatre. Neither could he have foreseen, in 1902, that the subsequent invention of many stage appliances to make possible a more rapid shifting of scenery in the



Gardner

In the romantic drama, "Forever After," Alice Brady is choosing a charming way of proving that a long training in motion pictures may make one an even better actress forever after



Charlotte Fairchild

Margaret Lawrence, who in private life is Mrs. Orson Munn, has returned to the stage in the entertaining comedy, "The Tormentor," and is playing for the benefit of war charities

modern theatre would soon render "The Living Corpse" more stage-worthy than it was at the moment when it was composed. Many Russian plays at present are constructed in a sequence of from half a dozen to a dozen scenes; but this fact does not result so much from the example set by Count Tolstoi as from the simplification of scenery that has taken place within the last ten years.

The novelistic method of "The Living Corpse" is interesting from the outset because of its originality; and, as the play progresses, the spectator gradually realizes that the construction is not nearly so haphazard as it seems. The piece, in fact, is built like a huge pyramid. In the early episodes, the foundation is laid out upon a broad and ample base. Then, little by little, the superstructure is reared up, growing always narrower and sharper at the same time that it is growing higher, until at last the whole thing culminates in an acute point of dramatic agony.

The subject-matter of "The Living Corpse" is no less unconventional than the technical method. It was as long ago as 1893 that Ferdinand Brunetiere made his famous empirical announcement that the essence of the drama was an assertion of the human will and that the most dramatic scenes were those in which opposing human wills were shown in conflict. Yet the hero of "The Living Corpse" may almost be described as a man without a will. He drifts through life along the line of least resistance, and never asserts himself at all. Any practical playwright of the eighteen nineties would certainly have judged that the subject-matter of "The Living Corpse" was hopelessly undramatic; yet the undeniable fact remains that the play is intensely interesting in the theatre.

The story of the piece is so well known that a brief summary (Continued on page 86)



Baron de Meyer

In "The Living Corpse," translated from the French by Sacha Guitry, Baron de Meyer displays his acting in a play which is a study in the art of acting that it brings the picture atmosphere of Paris to New York



DEMMEYER

## Lou Tellegen, in a New Role

*His new dramatic vehicle is a play entitled, "The Blue Devil," in which he will appear here early in the new year*

# Our Nouveaux Riches

*A Type Which Is Becoming More and More Frequent*

By ABEL HERMANT

THE action takes place at the house of Charles Alfred Gatesby-Browne, at 805 Fifth Avenue, New York. Scene: A room furnished in exquisite taste: family portraits, objets d'art, antique furniture,—or what, in good faith, was bought for such,—etc. Gatesby-Browne is in morning clothes (it is about ten-thirty). He is reading the newspaper. He is tall, thin, and carries his nose as befits a man of his rank. His white hair, brushed smoothly back from his forehead belies his youthful spirit. From his lofty expression one can tell nothing, save that it is a very lofty expression.

DOBSON, GATESBY-BROWNE's valet, knocks—and enters.

GATESBY-BROWNE: (*Absorbed in a newspaper*) ? ? ? (*He indicates his feeling by three soft grunts.*)

DOBSON: Our people are here, sir.

G.-B. ? ? (*as before—sharply, raising his head*): Dobson, have you gone out of your mind? Why adopt the manner of a farce-comedy valet. . . . "Our people!"

DOBSON (*unperturbed*): For the place at Newport, sir.

G.-B.: Ah! He is prompt enough . . . ten-thirty. Dobson, what the deuce does this man call himself? I don't even remember his name.

DOBSON (*with a faint intonation that might almost pass unnoticed*): JIGGS.

G.-B.: Very well, ask him to come up.

DOBSON: All of them, sir?

G.-B.: What do you mean, "All of them"? Is there more than one?

DOBSON: He has brought his family with him, sir.

G.-B.: That's a happy idea! . . . Children?

DOBSON: Three, sir, beside the lady.

G.-B.: What ages—approximately?

DOBSON: Bad enough, sir. The oldest is already quite a little man. He has on what appears to be his first pair of long trousers. The others—girls—as yet, could hardly be said to count seriously; the mother has ceased to count at all.

G.-B.: I fear she never quite knew how to count. H'm. . . . By exhibiting his numerous progeny, he expects to obtain a reduction.

DOBSON (*smiling*): I trust Mr. Gatesby-Browne will not allow himself to be beaten down.

G.-B.: Certainly not! . . . I mean to say. . . . That will do, Dobson, send them in.

(*Dobson shortly announces the Jiggs'. The head of the clan enters first. He wears a Palm Beach suit and his manner is extremely cordial.*)

JIGGS: Mr. Gatesby-Browne, you do me a great favor.

G.-B.: Not at all, Mr. Jiggs, not at all.

(*Enter Mrs. Jiggs: washed-out face, diffident bearing. She wears no other jewels than her pearl dog-collar—\$23,750. and not a cent more—paid for last week! The son is as described by Dobson. The little girls are of an indescribable insignificance.*)

JIGGS (*gaily*): Undoubtedly, sir, you will say that this is like an invasion of Barbarians. Yes, yes, we violate your domicile . . . but with the best possible intentions.



OTTO, PARIS

ABEL HERMANT: FRENCH PLAYWRIGHT has been, for twenty-five years, a successful author of plays, novels, memoirs and sketches, and the most popular of all the contributors to "La Vie Parisienne." He is now the President of the Société des Gens de Lettres, of Paris. His best known play is probably "Les Transatlantiques," which was first presented at the Gymnase and had for its theme the travelling of the Société des Gens de Lettres, of Paris. The present sketch was written for Vanity Fair. In it the author has returned to his familiar field—the rich and eccentric Americans who do not quite know what to do with all their millions

G.-B. (*to Mrs. Jiggs*): Won't you sit down?

MRS. JIGGS: Well, if it gives you any pleasure . . . (*she sits down.*) I would much rather stand up and take the cricks out of my legs. You know how it is when you ride the whole blessed day in an auto . . . !

G.-B.: Yes, indeed.

MRS. JIGGS: Do you have much trouble with yours?

G.-B.: My legs, or my motor? Oh, I see! No, not lately. It was pretty far gone. But, as the engine still ran, I gave it to the Red Cross.

MRS. JIGGS (*astonished*): For nothing?

JIGGS (*quickly*): Money means very little to you, sir, does it not?

G.-B.: Don't believe that, Mr. Jiggs, for a minute.

JIGGS: Ho ho! Very funny. (*To Mrs. Jiggs.*) Did you get what he said?

MRS. JIGGS: Yes! (*She laughs. The entire family laughs.*)

G.-B.: This may just as well serve to bring us down to facts. Let us talk business, Mr. Jiggs. I have a number of things to attend to.

JIGGS: You will excuse my coming, sir. I act and speak, broadly—without flourishes. But I think I know how to do the proper thing, if I do say it myself.

MRS. JIGGS: And there you said something!

JIGGS (*annoyed*): Well, let's get back to business. (*Changing his tone to the impressive intonation for formal introductions.*) Mr. Gatesby-Browne, I want you to shake hands with—

G.-B.: Heavens! All of them?

JIGGS: My wife?

G.-B.: Oh!

JIGGS: Mrs. Jiggs . . . my son Eustace . . . my daughters Elsie and Florence. (*G.-B. bows.*) Now, if you ask me why I have brought all these persons here, I will tell you. (*G.-B. makes a sign of agreement.*) Mr. Gatesby-Browne, the fact that the Jiggs' are about to lease your Newport villa makes no impression upon you . . .

G.-B. (*interrupting*): I beg your pardon, Mr. Jiggs,—on the contrary, the fact that you are taking the villa off my hands gives me the greatest of pleasure.

JIGGS: No, no, no! (*To his brood—with admiration.*) There speaks the grand plutocrat who cares to have nothing to do with business. (*To G.-B.*) You have not quite understood me. Newport, I meant to say, for you is nothing. Why, you must have been there at least two hundred times!

G.-B.: I am only fifty-four years old.

JIGGS: You did not even become, one day or another, the proud purchaser of this villa. You have only had the trouble of being born.

G.-B.: Well, one does what one can.

JIGGS: For us, Newport is . . . an exaltation—like grand opera. I tell you without shame—I do not blush for my parentage—that I have never planted a foot there . . . neither has my wife . . . we have never aspired higher than Long Beach—or the Oranges. Naturally, Mr. Gatesby-Browne, to us this renting is an event, an historical event. With that in mind I have brought here my wife and my three children. I feel that the signatures which I am about to exchange with you would be worthless, were not all my family to be present when, for the first time in my life, I rent a house at Newport. That sir, is my idea.

G.-B. (*kindly*): The idea of an honest family man.

JIGGS: I'm not asking you to say that . . . wait a minute . . . I wish, besides, to teach them a lesson; to set them a fine example.

G.-B. (*surprised*): Oh!

JIGGS: I wish them to see exactly how a husband and father—a husband and father who knows how to do the right thing—goes about the discussion of a business transaction.

G.-B.: No, no! I beg of you, Mr. Jiggs, we have nothing to discuss. The letter from my renting agent assures me that we are agreed on all points.

JIGGS: Not the least in the world.

G.-B. (*smiling*): If you are going back on your word . . .

JIGGS: I haven't given my word—to you.

G.-B.: I beg your pardon?

JIGGS: Will you allow me to speak?

G.-B.: Yes, but . . . you will permit me to remind you that my time is—limited.

JIGGS: I shall not say an unnecessary word. (*With the most exquisite politeness.*) Will you attend?

G.-B.: Certainly. I am listening. . . .

JIGGS: Good! Mr. Gatesby-Browne, I cannot deny that I have given your agent my word, but . . . (*Continued on page 80*)



ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON

Leonora Hughes has been successful both as a dancer and on the stage. She is now taking up movies as an occupation, and will appear in the near future in the Famous Players production of "The Indestructible Wife"



MAURICE GOLDBERG

Peggy Hopkins, a graduate of the Follies and of the movies, where she played in James Montgomery Flagg's comedies, is to appear in a new play under the Shubert management



CHARLOTTE FAIRCHILD

Clare Eames is appearing in the Julie Opp Faversham and Lee Shubert production of the spectacular patriotic play, "Freedom," the cast of which numbers a thousand. Miss Eames is a niece of Mme. Emma Eames

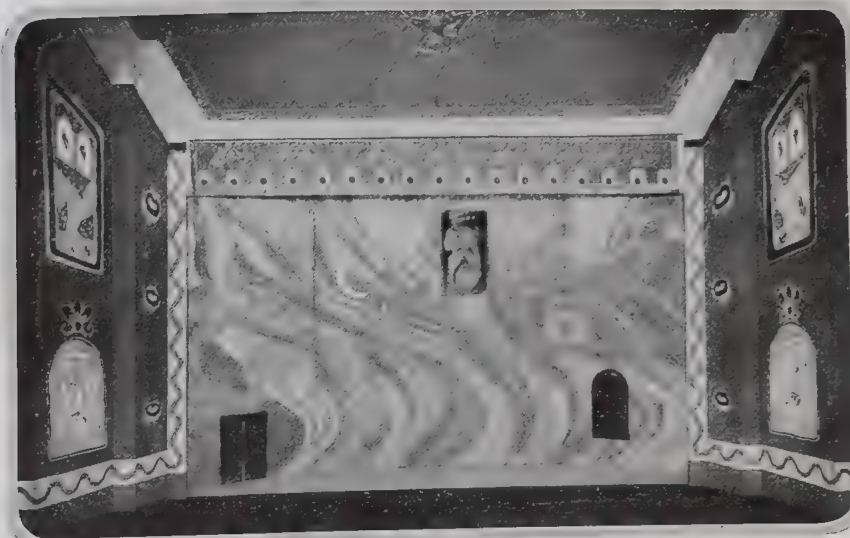


MAURICE GOLDBERG

Charlotte Ives has temporarily deserted the stage for the movies. She will play the leading feminine rôle with Enrico Caruso in the new Artcraft picture, "Prince Cosimo"

## Recent Exponents of Dramatic Versatility

*Proving That the Stage Is Often an Understudy for the Screen*



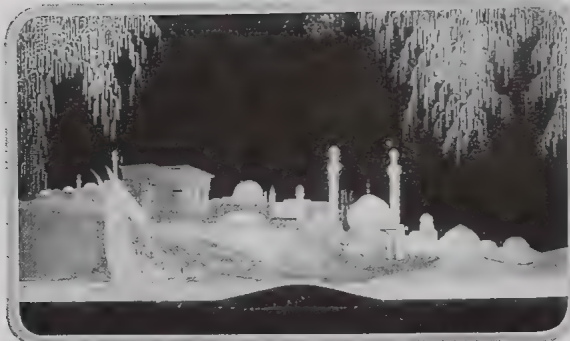
Stravinsky's ballet, "Petrushka," first given in New York by the Diaghileff forces and now revived under the direction of Adolf Bolm, revolves against a brilliant John Wenger background

## The METROPOLITAN CONCENTRATES on its SCENERY

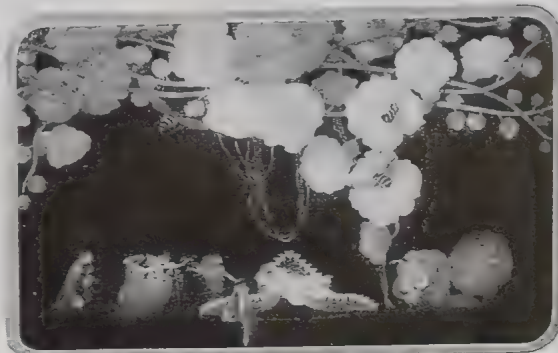
Modern Stage Decoration Is Effectively Represented by

The Work of Boris Anisfeld, Joseph Urban, and John Wenger

By PITTS SANBORN



In the first act of "Oberon," the curtain rises on Titania's bower as pictured by Josef Urban with gigantic flowers and bees to make the fairies seem smaller. The Moorish-domed city to the left shows another setting in the same act



IT may be that the season of 1918-19 will mark final adhesion by the Metropolitan Opera House of New York, long hesitant, long doubting, to the liberal doctrine of modern stage decoration. It may be that from now on the oldest, and sometimes it has seemed the most relentlessly conventionalized, of our lyric theatres will swing into the place of artistic leadership to which its wealth and its potentialities clearly point the way. I admit I am speaking optimistically and my optimism is based on the fact that on the list of scene painters in its prospectus for the coming season I find the name of Boris Anisfeld. But optimism is an objectionable condition only when it substitutes a hope or a theory for a fact. Boris Anisfeld is not the entire prospectus for the coming Metropolitan season, but as far as he goes he is an unmistakably substantial and important fact.

Boris Anisfeld, for any who may not know, is really the first and chief of the great Russian scene painters, of whom Léon Bakst is the most familiar to the American public. Like Bakst he did scenery and costumes for the Diaghileff company, which upset the scenic smugness and incompetence of half the world and imposed its irresistible example on a host of dismayed capitulating theatre managers. He is not new to the

Metropolitan. The scenery and costumes of its "Boris Godounoff" production are his. But that whole outfit was bought in its entirety from the production of the opera first used in Paris. Now the Metropolitan assumes the initiative of ordering from Anisfeld, come lately to reside in New York, new scenery and costumes for its production of "La Reine Fiammette," an opera by Xavier Leroux that Mary Garden and Jean Perier created early in the century, at the Paris Opéra Comique. This overt act of a reluctant management may be the final opening of the door on a world of scenic magic and delight.

In the Italian medievalism of "La Reine Fiammette"—unwise little queen of an imaginary kingdom, entrapped in a mesh of cruel intrigue through her fatal love for a young monk—Anisfeld may be expected to rival the splendour of his settings for "Boris Godounoff." But the Metropolitan officially seems to regard "Oberon" as its great spectacular production of the year, and the scenery for that it has entrusted to Joseph Urban. No scene painter is quite so well known nowadays to the American public as Urban, and the esteem he enjoys is justified. The first official act of recognition on

the part of the Metropolitan management that a new art of stage decoration exists, came when last year it ordered scenery for its productions of "Faust," "St. Elisabeth," and "The Prophet," from Urban, thus in one stroke of triple boldness raising its new scenic standard to that of the Ziegfeld Follies. As far as praise from press and public may have value, the Metropolitan can never have regretted its rashness. Now "Oberon," with all its elaborate machinery and

(Continued on page 66)



Boris Anisfeld, first and greatest of Russian scene painters and creator of the "Boris Godounoff" sets, creates this medieval castle garden for "La Reine Fiammette"



FOUR PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLOTTE FAIRCHILD

Fania Marinoff has left the Greenwich Village Players to join forces with Oliver Morosco. She is at present in the rôle of a Russian girl in "The Walk-Offs," Frederick and Fanny Hatton's latest fashionable and highly flavored comedy



CAMPBELL

Cathleen Nesbitt, an English actress of high accomplishments, has become a familiar figure to American audiences. She is now appearing with Cyril Maude in Haddon Chambers' comedy, "The Saving Grace"



Diantha Pattison is an artist who has, in the past, rendered conspicuous service in George Bernard Shaw's dramas. She is now appearing in "Phoebe Pretends," by Eleanor Gates, author of "The Poor Little Rich Girl"



Edith Day, now one of our most indispensable musical comedy stars, certainly deserves a place on this, or any other, dramatic page, in view of her successful and year-long run in "Going Up," at the Liberty Theatre

Roma June first registered successes, in London, in "The Dollar Princess" and "The Waltz Dream." She is now playing the rôle of Dorothy Wayne, in Harry Delf's comedy, "Some Night," at the Harris Theatre

## Leaders in the Advance on the Broadway Salient

*Some of Those Who Have Been Victorious in Their Autumn Theatrical Drives*

# Our Adamless Evenings

Sketches by Thelma Cudlipp

IT looks like a thin and watery Winter for this year's débutantes—as well as for the débutante's of earlier vintages. From present indications, the suffering will be intense among them. Think of the terrible hardships that the war has brought upon the girls who stay at home! Why, there is not a single man visible anywhere on the horizon,—to say nothing of the married ones. Every man between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, inclusive, is all dated up with French dates for the Winter months, and all the poor women are left here—partially submerged, not to say sunk. Vogue realizes that the time has come to

step in and start something—to fill, as best it can, this crying need for men. We have painstakingly thought over all the long array of substitutes that are part of our every-day life—substitutes for butter, wheat, sugar, gasoline, elevator boys, and all the other luxuries—and from there we went right ahead and decided there was no reason why substitutes for eligible men shouldn't be put into general and immediate use. This would undoubtedly do much to alleviate the suffering among our American society women, and would help to build up their shattered morale. Details of this war relief charity of ours are shown here.



Scene at the opening of the opera, showing Mrs. Cornelius De Puyster's ingenious device for making her box appear populated and herself popular. Mrs. De Puyster has engaged, from the Metropolitan opera management, a small group of lifelike wax dummies, of assorted types, and arranged them in realistically uncomfortable attitudes around the rear of the box. She finds them noiseless, stationary, and economical,—in fact, a vast improvement on any of her husbands



First-aid dressing station, established in the men's coat-room at Sherry's. On account of the terrible scarcity of dancing men, those members of class 5-B who have been restrained by the doctors from any form of military service abroad, have been pressed into far more active service right here at home. Many of them have a painful way of collapsing completely after every fox trot, and have to be revived by hardy volunteers just back of the lines



Intimate glimpse of the home life of Mr. Cyril Van Cortlandt, aged seventy-three last July. Since the younger men have gone, he has been so besieged with invitations, scented notes, telephone calls, and amorous messages, that he hardly has time to select his necktie



A pretty novelty was recently introduced, with charming effect, at the coming-out dance of Miss Muriel Stuyvesant. Owing to the conspicuous absence of male partners, the footmen—proving that they also serve who only stand and wait—consented to pinch-hit in place of the absent ones. The fad promises to achieve a wide vogue in our most exclusive circles



Mrs. Livingston Belmont has lived but an empty life since the draft swooped down on her little group of afternoon tea-hounds. She is carrying out the war-time spirit of substitution by inviting Officer Clancy,—who usually has tea in the servants' hall with Delia, the fourth assistant kitchen-maid. Delia shows signs of giving the conventional two hours' notice



(Left) Looking west along the terrace shows the front facade with the balance porches and over-entrance balcony

The house is in the dignified Georgian style, built of local granite with limestone trimmings and slate roof



(Right) The master's study is finished in gum wood, a simple room providing masculine comforts. The mirror doors of the cupboard give an added interest to this interior

## THE RESIDENCE OF EUGENE MEYER, Jr., Esq.

MT. KISCO, N. Y.

CHARLES A. PLATT, *Architect*





Gillies

*The walls of the living room are paneled and painted, a lighter shade being used to bring out the moldings. Embroidered Japanese screens fill some of the panels and a portrait serves for an overmantel decoration. Crystal chandeliers and sconces preserve the light tone which the walls give the room*

*In the library the architectural background is English oak with carved moldings. Set in bookcases are on either side the fireplace. A stone mantel of delicate design forms the focal point of the room. Around the hearth are grouped comfortable couches and deep chairs in a brilliant chintz*



# NOTES on the HANGING of TAPESTRIES

*Their Place in the Decorative Scheme*

I. DELANY SMITH

FOR color value, pictorial interest and air of richness few objects that go into the decoration of a room can compare with a tapestry. But none of these can be fully appreciated nor can they fully serve their part in a decorative scheme unless the tapestry is hung right. And in the hanging two main points must be considered—decorative value and mechanics.

Tapestries were originally used as arras, or portières at the doors of feudal castles. Their weight and texture served to cut off drafts and gave the semblance of privacy to rooms. Again, they were used for wall decorations, the purpose in which we find them today.

## The Modern Use of Tapestry

As a decoration they can completely "make" a room, although their setting and general environment should be such that they do not dominate it to the exclusion of other furnishings. A good tapestry warrants a good place on the walls where its colors, figures and rich texture can be fully appreciated. Nothing is more effective as a background to bring out the coloring of antique furniture, and they can be used with practically any type of furniture from the Tudor to the present, save, of course, Adam rooms with the character of which they would be unsuited.

A small piece of pictorial tapestry should never be crowded into a small opening. Only when it is so hung as to show the entire design does it play its rôle fully in the decorative scheme of a room.

While tapestries have generally been adopted for the drawing room, they are just as consistent for hall use, especially if there chances to be a large space on the stair wall where one can hang an unusual piece. Caen stone walls and marble floors in a large hall require the dignity of a Renaissance tapestry showing



*In a hall of large proportions where the ceilings are high and the paneling dignified or in a caen stone hallway, that lacks the softness of textiles, a tapestry will give warmth and color. The hall above, for example, would be frigidly dignified without the Flemish tapestry hung between the doors and the tapestry covered settee which is placed before it*

*Nothing serves so remarkably as a background for antique furniture as a piece of good tapestry. The colors and depth find a ready correspondence in the texture of the wood. Tapestries can be used with almost any type of furniture from the Tudor to the present style, save in Adam rooms where the classical atmosphere requires a lighter background*





*Tapestries can be used as panels on either side the fireplace provided, of course, that the fireplace warrants such a treatment. The mantel in the drawing room above is carved marble surmounted by an overmantel of well-proportioned wood paneling.*

heroic figures, for the type must correspond with its surroundings in order to give artistic results.

#### How to Hang Tapestries

The ideal manner of hanging tapestries is to let them be suspended loose and free, with occasional slight folds. But this is not always feasible since the place for the tapestry may be an exact space—say in a panel on either side of a fireplace—in which instance they have to be stretched flat. This stretching has ample precedent since even Grinling Gibbons was responsible for wood panels in which to stretch tapestries—whether hung loose or stretched in a frame, the actual fabric of the tapestry should not be attached. A band of stiff webbing with rings sewed on at intervals should be attached to the tapestry, and the whole suspended from hooks. Or, if one insists on a flat tapestry the webbing can be fastened to a flat board and the board hooked into place.

As a final note on the mechanics of tapestry handling, remember that a tapestry should never be folded. It should be



*As a contrast in treatment study the picture below. The setting does not justify the dignity that an expensive or even inexpensive tapestry would give. Instead there is used an old damask cope, rich in color and delicate in fabric—an ample decoration.*

rolled on a long round stick when put away.

#### For Halls, Walls and Panels

The three illustrations here show tapestries hung to the best advantage. In the first—the high ceilinged hallway—the tapestry covers a multitude of architectural sins in that it fills an awkward space between two paneled doors. Without it the hall would appear colorless. Although the space does not fit it exactly the treatment is justified because, in this instance, the tapestry is the dominant object.

The second shows an old Flemish tapestry covering the better part of a side wall and acting as background to an antique refectory table. Tapestry of this value should not be hidden behind an array of furniture; its display value must be considered.

As panels on either side an ornate fireplace—which is the treatment in the third illustration—the tapestries are pleasingly successful. They give balance, color and richness to a group that in itself is of high merit.



Among the diversity of interpretations in the Neo-Classic period is the carved gilt convex mirror or girandole

## MIRRORS and MIRROR FRAMES in THREE CENTURIES

*The Curve of Furniture Development is Marked by the Design of Renaissance, Baroque, Rococo and Neo-Classic Mirrors*

COSTEN FITZ-GIBBON

THE story of mirrors as furniture and as factors in decoration begins in the 16th Century. As furnishing and decorative adjuncts they reached the climax of their development in the 18th Century. As imposing expanses of glass they attained a size in the early 19th Century that sometimes dwarfed the decorative significance of their frames. Both periods are well worth the study of those who are interested in interior decorating.

Certain frames are so adjustable that they may be used almost anywhere with equally happy effect. Others, again, have such pronounced characteristics that they demand careful consideration on the score of the principles of correspondence and analogy of line.

One thing is plain: mirror frames echoed faithfully the progress of evolution in the great cycle of style development as manifested in its

successive phases—Renaissance, Baroque, Rococo and Neo-Classic, followed by the Directoire and Empire as subsidiary stylistic phenomena.

The size of glass obtainable governed the size of mirrors and, consequently, much of their decorative capacity. In the 16th Century sheets of mirror glass were small and the frames were minor considerations, so far as the space they occupied was concerned. Mirror glass was also precious and on the frames, therefore, were often lavished great care and expense. When precious metals, precious stones and cameos were not employed as framing accessories, the frames were of wood carved in high relief in motifs characteristic of the period, motifs that exhibited a strong architectural trend. Nearly all the glass at this time was made in Venice and Italy had prac-



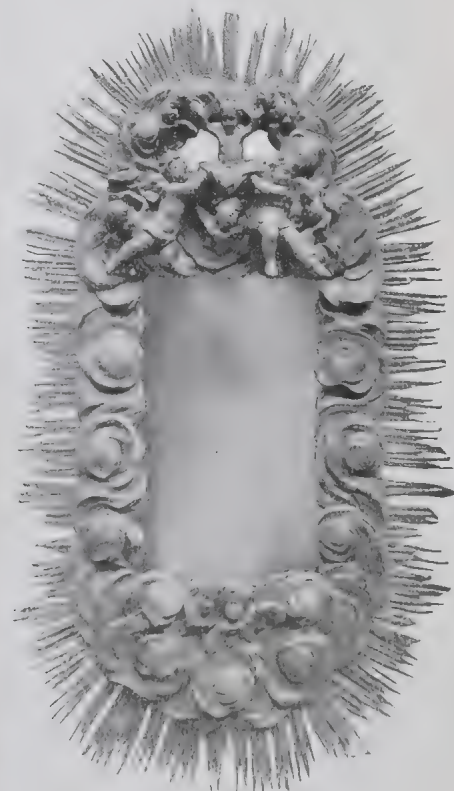
French, 18th Century gilt frame with painted panel. Karl Freund



Under the Baroque designs comes this Restoration carved wood and silver gilt mirror. Lehne



Late Renaissance Italian carved and gilt mirror. Courtesy of Nicholas Martin



An English Baroque mirror is silver gilt with sun-rayed frame. Courtesy of Lehne



Queen Anne mirror painted light green with Chinese motif in panel. Courtesy of R. H. Lehne

cally a monopoly of the making and framing of mirrors. The carving details of the frames, therefore, were the details of the North Italian Renaissance. Many of these frames were not only carved, but gilt, or polychromed and gilt. As an alternative to wooden frames, there were frames over which richly embroidered velvet was stretched.

Although the surface of the glass was small, the frame was large in comparison and every opportunity was taken to make it as imposing as possible. The constant intercourse between England and Italy, the active trade relations, and the influx of Italian artisans and craftsmen brought a certain number of these mirrors across the Channel. Despite the fact that the manufacture of mirror glass was attempted on several occasions in 16th Century France, the efforts were not crowned with great success and France, as did Spain also, remained chiefly dependent upon Italy for her mirrors and their frames.

#### Baroque Details

It was not until the 17th Century, when Baroque influences had become firmly established, that the making of mirror glass prospered in France and England, and the making of mirror frames showed any distinctly national development in style. While the finer mirrors were still fetched from Venice, small mirrors, square or almost square, with bevelled edges, began to be made in England about 1615 and were set in wooden or in needlework frames. Some of these needlework frames were elaborately wrought in stump work. Slightly after the middle of



A Neo-Classic design in Italian painted frame and gilt. Penna. Museum and School of Industrial Arts



Late 18th Century Neo-Classic mahogany and panel gilt mirror. Courtesy Mrs. Wm. J. Youngs



Baroque—early Georgian mirror in walnut veneer and gilt with Chinese paintings. Lehne



Ecuadorian mirror of Spanish inspiration in gilt and strong native colors. Mrs. Gerrett Smith

the century the English mirror frame assumed more decorative import. Though most of the mirrors were still small, and all the larger pieces of glass had to be imported from France or from Italy, the embellishment of the frame elicited serious effort.

#### The Restoration Era

In the Restoration era some of the mirror frames were of richly wrought silver. In 1670 the establishment of the Duke of Buckingham's glass works provided England with a native supply of large glass and the making of decorative mirror frames thereupon received a great impetus. Grinling Gibbon and his school of followers carved frames in high relief or in the round, with ingenious and delicate undercutting, using the characteristic foliage, flower, fruit, and human figure motifs. Ribbon scrolls, angels, cockle-shells, strap-work and laurel wreathing also occasionally appeared. Walnut, pine or lime wood were the best materials.

Small square mirrors were often framed with broad ovolo moulded walnut frames, decorated with seaweed marqueterie and surmounted by a shaped cresting. At the same time (the latter part of the century) not a few mirrors were framed with glass of a different color (often a deep rich blue) bevelled at the edge and set in metal mounts. These mirrors were occasionally in three divisions, the central section having a rising arched top corresponding in line with the hooded furniture.

The greater lengths of glass now obtainable made possible the tall Queen Anne mirrors with shaped tops. The frames were usually of

(Continued on page 84)



## A TOUCH of ITALY in NEW YORK

*Given the setting, the architect and the means, one can recreate in our American environment even the most subtle spirit of Italian architecture. The foundation of the study here is a strip of lawn and red bricked terrace. An arched loggia opens on this, and above it the end of the house wing covered in pink plaster stucco with stone trim and wrought iron balcony, and*

*roofed in red Spanish tile. The fountain, the Italian marble benches, the bow window and the shadows cast by the broad eaves over the façade have caught and held the Italian feeling successfully. A view looking out from the loggia, on page 10, shows the setting of this glimpse which is on the estate of J. C. Baldwin, Jr., Esq., at Mt. Kisco, N. Y. Benjamin Wistar Morris, architect*



Chelsea porcelain  
figurine bottle-vase  
from the collection  
of Mrs. Emma  
Hodge

## THE FASCINATING STORY of OLD CHELSEA

*So Rare Is this Ware Today that Four or Five Veritable Pieces  
Are Considered a Collection*

GARDNER TEALL

*Illustrations by courtesy of Mrs. Emma Hodge, The Art Institute of Chicago and the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York*

**OLD CHELSEA**—with what associations is the name endowed!

Here came the wits, Smollett, Steele, Swift, Horace Walpole and others of the *monde*.

Those were the days when Chelsea was still a village of the 18th Century, boasting of Ranelagh and its gayeties on the one hand and Cremorne Gardens on the other. Here was the manor Henry VIII had given to Catherine Parr when Chelsea was completely rural; in Walpole's time it was just beginning to be truly suburban, while now it is so integral a part of London that it might long ago have had its identity swallowed up but for the perpetuation of its literary, artistic and historical atmosphere by Carlyle and his circle and by Whistler and his.

The fifteen years from 1750 to 1765 comprised the period of old Chelsea's social heyday, though the aftermath was not without its distinctly brilliant though somewhat irascible flashes. These were years demanding fine things for the fashionables. Horace Walpole and others had stirred up the passion for chinaware and the English porcelain and pottery manufacturers were kept busy not only to supply the demand but to meet the exacting quality of that demand, which called for perfection in *fabrique*. With this in mind it is not at all strange that some enterprising potter with a provident eye to business should have decided on establishing a porcelain factory at Chelsea. Just when this venture was established, History has neglected to disclose, but it must have been somewhere around 1740. We do know definitely, however, that the Chelsea porcelain works were already celebrated for



(Above) Chelsea porcelain candlelabra and vase. The work on the candlelabra is especially delicate. Courtesy Metropolitan Museum of Art



The sapient old owl to the left is in Chelsea porcelain, an excellent example of the animal figures. From the Hodge Collection



A Rockingham porcelain "cottage" from the Hodge Collection

their wares in the year 1745.

Some students of ceramics believe a very early date should be assigned to Chelsea productions. It is even possible that porcelain was being made in the village as early as 1682, the year in which was begun the old hospital for invalid soldiers, designed by Sir Christopher Wren. Of course, as Oriental porcelain had been introduced into England some fifty years before that—1631, to be exact—it is likely enough that works for the purpose of imitating it were established in Chelsea. Horace Walpole made note of very early "specimens of Chelsea blue and white." Perhaps these were the sort of crude porcelain which Dr. Martin Lister referred to in an account of his visit to France in 1695,

wherein he mentions the superiority of the "Potterie of St. Clou" over the "gomroon ware" of England, although he observes that the English were "better masters of the art of painting than the Chinese," a statement that might have applied to Chelsea porcelains of the *gomroon*, or imitation-oriental genre, productions perhaps antedating the native English development in decoration.

The French manufacturers of 1745 had become concerned at the strides taken by the English potters and they petitioned accordingly for the privilege of establishing a soft porcelain factory at Vincennes, complaining of the competition of English wares of Chelsea. Such early porcelains extant and ascribed to a period co-eval with that of the porcelain of St. Cloud exhibit a clumsiness and lack of finish. Already the village of Chelsea had become well-known in the industrial world through its

glass manufactory established there by Venetian glass-workers under the patronage of the Duke of Buckingham, 1676. It may be that the Chelsea pottery was evolved as an outcome of this experiment.

#### Oriental Influences

The early bits of Chelsea were, almost entirely, copies of Oriental wares and mainly decorated with Chinese designs. Queen Anne does not appear to have bothered her head particularly about the Chelsea porcelain. The Hanoverian Georges paid more attention to it. Porcelain was too intimately connected with the table in their minds to escape royal patronage. George II especially encouraged the manufactory at Chelsea. Frederick II had early borrowed and taken from France the art of porcelain-making and had initiated his several hundred princes in the mysteries of its allurements. Naturally, the Hanoverians were interested and George II had everything from models to workmen brought over in the hope of rivaling the wares of Sèvres and of Dresden. The Duke of Cumberland took interest in the Chelsea factory and made it an annual allowance.

Soon the fame of Chelsea



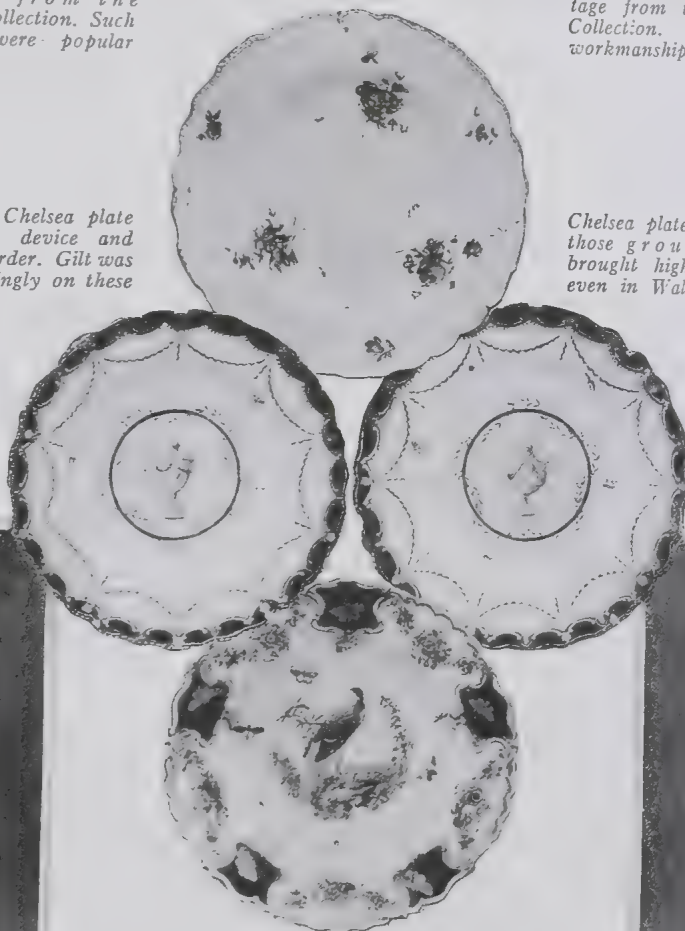
*A Chelsea porcelain "cottage" from the Hodge Collection. Such tidbits were popular*



*A Derby porcelain cottage from the Hodge Collection. Careful workmanship is shown*

*(Below) Chelsea plate with urn device and wreath border. Gilt was used sparingly on these*

*Chelsea plates, such as those grouped here, brought high prices even in Walpole's day*

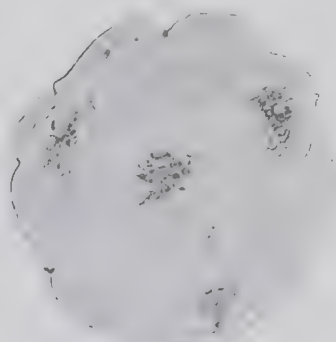


*It is said that collectors snapped up these plates at the very kiln's mouth*



*Figure pieces began to appear about 1750. They were influenced by both the Dresden and French figurines*

*Even Chelsea has traces of Rococo influence, as can be witnessed by this plate, from the Metropolitan Collection*



*This Chelsea porcelain figurine and its companion piece were modeled by Lewis Francois Roubillac*

porcelain had become so great that the demand was far in excess of the supply and the prices soared accordingly. In 1765 contemporary references inform us that the china of Chelsea was in such repute "as to be sold by auction, and as a set was purchased as soon as baked," dealers were surrounding the doors for that purpose.

#### Royal Collections

Watkin's "Life of Queen Charlotte" writes: "There are several rooms in Buckingham Palace full of curiosities and valuable movables, but not ranged in proper order. Among other things, I beheld with admiration a complete service of Chelsea china, rich and beautiful in fancy beyond expression. I really never saw any Dresden near so fine. Her Majesty made a present of this choice collection to the duke, her brother, a present worthy of so great a prince." Indeed, Horace Walpole, in writing to Sir Horace Mann in 1763, had said: "I saw yesterday a magnificent service of Chelsea china, which the king and queen are sending to the Duke of Mecklenburg. There are dishes and plates without number, an epergne, can-

*(Continued on page 82)*

# KEEPING UP THE MORALE OF FRENCH LINGERIE



*The Parisienne knows that ugly lingerie won't help win the war, so she wisely wears a puff of rose silk voile and filet lace in the form of a combination*

Some Bits of Silk and Lace

That Show That the Parisienne,

Although at War, Is Still the

Same Parisienne at Heart



*It's one's duty to be cheerful in wartime, and nothing helps more than a filmy foundation trimmed with tulle, feather-stitched, and most amusingly short*



*What could be more delightfully sentimental than his name embroidered in brilliants on one's garter?*

**"FRIVOLOUS—** this lingerie, Mademoiselle?

But what would you? Of a certainty, even in war-time one must be dainty. Daintiness—it is a quality of which the Germans have never been accused. Perhaps, had this not been so, things would have been otherwise.

But with the French it is different. Garments soft and feminine—they are dear to our hearts. When we are no longer feminine, when there is no more of lace and frills and loveliness, then indeed the world will be a sad place.

"And there is nothing more truly feminine than charming lingerie, Mademoiselle. It is well enough to be simple, to be practical, to be even severe in one's frock, in times like these, even as we must appear to be calm and quiet and reserved ourselves. But underneath, Mademoiselle, if one is a woman, one has emotions. And

under one's frock, one has something that is soft and fluffy. It is not for the kind of woman who wears ugly lingerie that a man fights.

"The night-gown? It is a little fragile, a little extravagant, perhaps? Mademoiselle forgets the alarms that occur so frequently at night—the trip to the cellar—the meetings with one's friends, one's neighbours. It is dark, to be sure, in the cellar, but there is always a little light and, under one's wrap, one would not appear—what do you say?—frumpy, like an old-maid in

a comic paper. And this nightgown, is it not delightful? Is it not charmingly soft, charmingly becoming? It is of chiffon the colour of wood violets with bands of tulle over the shoulders. And the combinations are no less enchanting. It is as if all the daintiness, the femininity that we must repress in our dresses these days had been poured into the silk and the lace that make our lingerie.

"The corset is truly a war-time model, it is so light, so supple, so comfortable, yet its lines are so good under a well-fitting frock. In these days one must have freedom of movement, as never before, but we will not help the war by sacrificing our figures.

"There is a charming sentiment expressed in the garters. If one's husband is at the front, one can not wear his name engraved on a large pin, as do the *bourgeois*, can one, Mademoiselle? But on the garter, where the world may not see—is it not delightful to have his name embroidered there in brilliants?

"Mademoiselle does not think the Americans will approve of these models, so fragile and so charming? Perhaps not. After all, if one is an American, one can not still be—French."

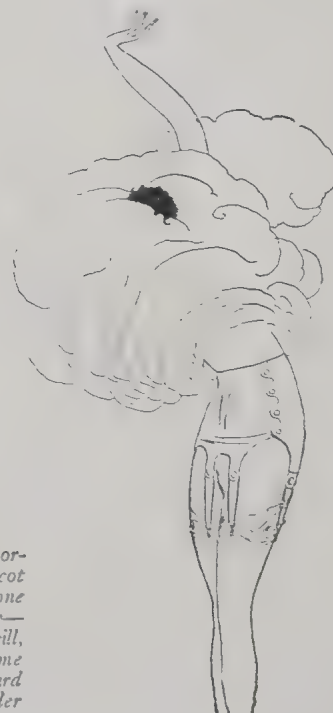


*When one is called into all the publicity of a cellar during an air raid, quite naturally one likes to be prepared in a violet chiffon nightgown that may well make one's neighbours pale with jealousy*



*Only French ingenuity could borrow the clown's "pantaloons" and turn it into an engaging combination made of lemon colour crêpe de Chine and trimmed with black ribbon*

*It's a war-time corset, this silk tricot affair. It allows one to work—or play—as hard as one will, but at the same time it gives due regard to one's figure, under one's slim new gown*



CALLOT FORECASTS AN ENTIRELY NEW SILHOU-

ETTE, ON FLARING CHEMISE LINES—CHÉRUIT ALSO

DEPARTS SLIGHTLY FROM HER NARROW WAYS

MODELS IMPORTED BY JAQUELINE



This is not, as you may think, the famous Nénette and Rintintin, those faithful mascots of Paris. It is President Wilson (in wool, and silk, and bits of tinsel), taking Alsace-Lorraine firmly, but proudly, by the hand, and giving her back to France



A Callot recipe for a successful daytime frock is two parts grey silk jersey, and one part black satin. The foundation of the dress is grey silk jersey, and black satin is used for the unusual shoulder bands and over-tunic which are cut in one piece. The black satin sash at the long loose waist-line at the front of the gown is fastened by an elaborate ornament of dull silver cord with a bright blue stone in the middle and another one hanging from a pendant of the silver cord. A band of black satin runs across the shoulders and into the bands of the three quarter length sleeves

Circular lines that are twice and three times as full as skirts have been for years, show the first indications, in the house of Callot, of approaching peace. The chemise dress that Callot has been making for two years, she now varies by using an uneven hem line, longer in front than at the back and distinctly flaring. But whether you spell it "flair" or "flare" this informal evening gown of black velvet has both qualities. Callot has evidently used black magic in making it, for without evidence of seam or dart, a most decided circular skirt springs out from the chemise lines, in rather the mystic manner of old Mother Hubbard's well-known frocks. The dress slips on over the head without back or front opening, and the round neck and long wide sleeves are finished with bands of bead embroidery. If Callot continues to show this very new, full silhouette there is no doubt that it will be the predominant note of next year's fashions



Metal brocade and tinsel are Chérut's favourite ways of dealing with velvet this year. In this gown she has intertwined dull gold brocade with velvet in the girdle, and in each seam she has used a dull gold thread. Then, in a lavish moment, with a fine feeling for the fitness of things, she added a wide band of broadtail across the front and at one side, and at the other side she arranged that two bands of the velvet should form loose panels and swing from the girdle to the bottom of the skirt, where they are turned in and fastened under the hem, giving a particularly graceful line



*This is just the kind of frock the Parisienne likes to wear by daylight this winter—soft warm black velvet with almost no trimming, but any amount of ingenuity of line. The becoming surplice sections not only make the waist fronts, but turn into sash ends, as well, and tie at the back, forming the only fastening. As for what trimming there is—of course it is sleek black monkey, for the frock is from Premet, who has a special fondness for this amusing fur*



*Jenny made this one-piece frock with its long slim grey satin under-dress and its equally slender coat-like black satin over-dress. Like many a Paris frock, it is embroidered from top to bottom. Grey, navy blue, black, and gold threads all weave a pattern down its lustrous length, and narrow bands of skunk are used as trimming, sharing their honours with an odd ornament of braid and fringe at the front of the grey satin bodice. A girdle of the black satin lends a graceful touch*



MODELS IMPORTED BY PURSELL

PARIS SENDS THESE GUIDES,

IN VELVET, SATIN, CLOTH,

AND CHIFFON, TO SHOW THE

WAYS OF WINTER FASHIONS

*Navy blue and Nattier blue show the greatest compatibility on this Martial et Armand two-piece costume made of navy blue serge, navy blue chiffon, and Nattier blue cloth. Bands of the serge trim the chiffon bodice and tunic of the frock, and a Nattier blue underskirt makes its appearance below. As for the coat—it's a warm tailored affair, navy blue to all outward appearances, but Nattier blue if one stops to look within. It has discarded all trimming save two little pocket effects placed low on the tunic, and it even uses the same narrow belt that tied the frock into place as a fastening*



## For the End of a Perfect Day

*Costumes for Winter Afternoons  
and Evenings*



This Drécoll wrap may not only be used as a particularly chic evening coat, but it may, with equally charming effect, serve over an afternoon gown. It is of black velvet, fastening all the way down the front with velvet-covered buttons, held by gold-bound buttonholes. The loose sleeves are of black chiffon shot with gold and embroidered in red, and bands of black lynx finish them and the high collar

An at-home dinner gown of a rather formal type is this charming affair of black velvet—of an exquisitely supple, thin quality—and soft blue Chinese silk with a vague figure. The velvet skirt is extremely narrow, yet so cleverly made that it is always graceful. The silk forms a panel in front, and lines the train and the coat, which is looped up below the hips, giving a most unusual line. Dull silver and gold embroidery outlines the neck



An at-home dinner gown, so informal in character that it stops just short of being a negligée, is this graceful costume, with charm of color as well as of line. The sheath-like slip is of silk, printed in tones of rose and violet, in a design suggesting batik. Over this, there is a cloud of dark blue chiffon, trailing into long ends at the sides. A line of embroidery traces a deep V and ends in a motif below the waist; both evening gowns from Mollie O'Hara



A new trick of the new models is exemplified in this Doucet afternoon gown. It has a straight black velvet slip, held over the shoulder with bands of black velvet,—just the way lingerie slips are. Over this is a black taffeta coat—not a mere accompaniment but a vital part of the dress—with long panels that loop under the belt

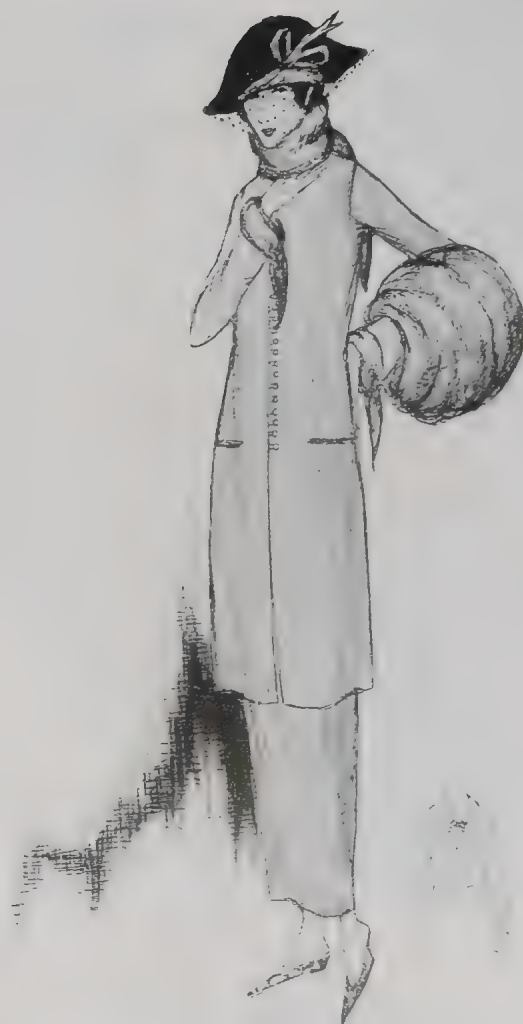
"Flora" is the official title of this evening wrap of prune colored faille, trimmed with expanses of chinchilla cloth, slashed till it looks like some shaggy sort of fur. The cloth is in two shades of soft gray. Over the fur-like collar is a smaller collar of the prune colored faille edged with dull silver braid; from Boué Soeurs of Paris

## The Three-Piece Suit Has Its Era

*Though It Calls Itself a Three-Piece  
Suit, It Is Really a Frock and  
a Matching Wrap*



This suit of taupe velours has a coat which slips on over the head. This one is outlined with strips of beaver—and the clever touch is the effect those strips give of being the outward continuation of a beaver lining. The blouse part of the dress beneath has an apron front and a panel back of velours with velours-cuffed sleeves of taupe chiffon, and the smart round neck.



This suit has all the features of the new models, in its slim straight lines. Its material is an odd woolen mixture, in black and dull blue. It fastens to the throat with buttons covered with the material, and the neck finishes with a turn-over collar, if one does not wish fur collar and cuffs. The blouse is of the material with vest and loose sleeves of blue chiffon.



It has the assurance to call itself a three-piece suit, but the truth of the matter is that it's a frock and a cape of the same material. It is a faithful copy of one of the smartest models that the Paris openings brought forth. The frock is a straight, chemise affair of beige wool jersey, banded the length of its skirt with narrow strips of jersey, with unfinished edges. Bands also trim the straight beige jersey cape.



An adaptation of a new idea which the Paris openings launched appears in this suit of brown soft tweed. The frock consists of a tweed slip, held over the shoulders by ribbon, over which is worn a loose blouse of yellow chiffon. With the three-quarter length, belted coat, it's a street suit—without it, a chic indoor costume.



A long Russian blouse is the coat part of this costume, and a simple, one-piece frock is the rest of it. It is all of black velveteen—all, that is, except the front of the blouse, which is of black chiffon. The coat fastens at the side and may be had, if one prefers, with a soft collar of velveteen, instead of one of fur.

HERE ARE BECOMING BLOUSES

FOR EVERY TYPE OF WOMAN

SHOWING MANY NEW FEATURES

FOR THE PRESENT SEASON



The round neck makes a point of being becoming on this Georgette crêpe blouse with collar and cuffs of wash satin trimmed with a pleated ruffle of the crêpe. White, flesh colour, navy blue, brown, or bisque



For an older woman a black blouse is almost indispensable. A particularly charming one is this of Georgette crêpe embroidered in black silk with small squares of dull black beads



When one takes off one's suit coat, life will be much more interesting if one wears a blouse of white Georgette crêpe embroidered on the narrow yoke with steel beading and blue silk. Also in flesh with blue embroidery and steel beads, and in bisque with rose embroidery



Suitable for an older woman is this blouse of Georgette crêpe with a wide panel of silk embroidery at the front. The double collar and the cuffs are finished with piping of satin and tiny satin buttons; navy blue, bisque colour, or flesh colour



Since the hand-made gift is always particularly welcome, the young woman is sure to appreciate this batiste blouse of fine quality with hemstitched collar and cuffs and daintily fastened with small pearl buttons

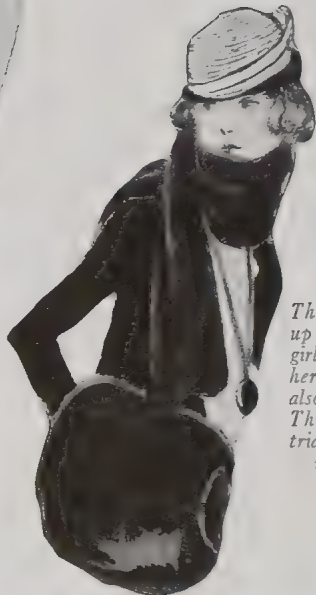


An effective pepum model in two tones of Georgette crêpe is beaded and has a wide sash tied at the side. Navy blue with bisque sleeves, brown with bisque, and black with white

(Left) An exquisite hand-made surplice blouse of Georgette crêpe has a pleated frill on a softly rolling collar which is hemstitched on by hand; in flesh or white



Scarfs have a way this winter of changing themselves into fur collars with the help of a fur button. This scarf of Hudson seal is 45 in. long and is lined with brown crêpe meteor. When it is worn as shown above, the upper edge rolls over and fastens down with snappers so that the scarf forms a fur lined collar



The proud and grown-up moment in a young girl's life when she has her first suit involves also the question of furs. This straight taupe nutria scarf and muff to match are suitable



Black lynx is a becoming fur with a luxurious and distinguished air. The set shown in the sketch is made from an excellent quality of silky fur; the scarf consists of a single skin, with a head and tail. Shown with this set is one of the new veils which has a widely spaced design in velvet

#### A PAGE OF FURS OF HIGH QUALITY



Silvered kit fox has a taupe shade that appeals to the tasteful woman. The scarf shown in the sketch above consists of a single animal skin with a head and tail, and the muff matches



Baum marten has a rich, brown tone that is very lovely. This smart scarf consists of a single skin with the head and tail

#### FOR WOMEN OF DIFFERENT TYPES



Fisher is a very wise selection as it is becoming to most skins. This scarf is made of a single skin with the head and tail

ANÆMICS  
CONVALESCENTS  
DYSPEPTICS  
OVER-WORKED  
and AGED PEOPLE

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The delicious French invigorator prescribed with great success by the medical fraternity in France.

THE BONE  
MUSCLE and  
BRAIN MAKER

FOR SALE AT ALL CHEMISTS  
and DRUGGISTS

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## LILY OF FRANCE CORSET

IS THE CONSERVATION CORSET

THERE is actually a longer period of perfect service between the beginning and the end of a LILY OF FRANCE CORSET than any other corset made.



Lily of France Corset Co., 303 Sixth Avenue, New York

## Our Nouveaux Riches

(Continued from page 59)

a new angle has appeared in this matter.

G.-B.: Impossible!

JIGGS: Here is the new angle. When the agency told me your price—six thousand dollars for two months—I did not wince. I am in the habit of dealing in large figures. And then, what is six thousand as compared to a quarter of a million?

G.-B.: Very little. But why a quarter of a million?

JIGGS: Because that is what I spend each month—for the war . . . for my country.

G.-B.: Mine, too, I believe.

JIGGS: I add that, at the present price of sugar, your villa is well worth six thousand dollars.

G.-B.: I am at a loss to deny it; but I cannot connect the price of my house with the price of sugar.

JIGGS: It is a pet expression of mine.

G.-B.: Besides, you know that my villa would be worth much more—in times of peace.

JIGGS: Ah! ha! You come to the point yourself. Well, Mr. Gatesby-Browne, as you have given me the opening, I shall seize the bull by the horns.

G.-B. (bewildered): What bull? Good Heavens!

JIGGS: Just another pet expression of mine. Let me explain. Business has never permitted me to go as far away as Newport. Consequently, I have never even visited the place. But I have conducted a small investigation. And what have I discovered?

G.-B. (impatiently): I'm sure I don't know.

JIGGS: I have discovered that in times of peace—to use your own words—you rent this very same villa for fifteen thousand dollars—and only for fifteen days in August. A thousand dollars a day!

G.-B.: Quite so.

JIGGS: Well, then, I ask you, Mr. Gatesby-Browne, what do you take me for? For . . . what—do—you—take—J. T. Jiggs?

G.-B.: I don't exactly follow you.

JIGGS: I don't think you follow me at all. I repeat . . . for what do you take J. T. Jiggs? For a piker? Or a bargain-hunter, perhaps?

G.-B.: . . . (He makes three con-committal gestures.)

JIGGS: A piker! . . . Mr. Gatesby-Browne, four years ago I did not have a cent to my name. The most elementary modesty keeps me from telling you how much I have contributed this year to the Red Cross and to the innumerable charities bred by the Great War.

G.-B.: But, my dear Mr. Jiggs, I haven't the slightest interest in these matters.

JIGGS: Well, then, a bargain hunter? You said to yourself: "This J. T. Jiggs knows that, for three years, I have not touched half my income, nor a quarter of my rents. He is going to take advantage of the situation by trying to knife me."

G.-B.: Mr. Jiggs, I assure you I have said nothing of the kind. I made you a price of six thousand dollars. You accepted it.

JIGGS: I accept it, no longer. My name is Jiggs, Mr. Gatesby-Browne. It is not a fancy name. It can be written in one word. As yet I have dug up no

hyphen, and I have very little intention of doing so. Nevertheless, my heart is in the right place. For a villa that is worth fifteen thousand dollars, J. T. Jiggs would never consent to pay six thousand!

G.-B. (bewildered anew): What does that mean?

JIGGS: It means that I insist upon paying you fifteen thousand dollars without holding back a penny, or . . . there is nothing doing between us.

G.-B.: And you believe that I—that I will accept this offer?

JIGGS: I insist upon it. If you refuse I shall look elsewhere.

G.-B.: Perhaps, but . . .

JIGGS: Here's the cheque.

G.-B.: I beg of you . . .

JIGGS: I trust you won't displease me.

G.-B.: I'm sorry.

JIGGS: I'm glad of that!

G.-B.: Well! . . . I cannot hope to understand your attitude. (He takes the proffered cheque.)

JIGGS: Good! Now, we must be off.

G.-B.: But what, Mr. Jiggs, made you pay me nine thousand dollars more than I asked you?

JIGGS: Simply to show you that I know how to do the proper thing, even if my wife, a dozen times a day, implies the contrary. The proof that I am a gentleman and know how to act like one is well worth nine thousand dollars to me, don't you think so?

G.-B.: Yes, I suppose so.

JIGGS: Yet the world goes on and jeers at what it calls *nouveau riches*.

G.-B.: Wherever I go, I shall insist that the world is wrong. You have re-established the *nouveau riches* in my eyes.

JIGGS: I certainly hope so. Well, Mr. Gatesby-Browne, there is nothing left for us to do now, but to leave. We have made you lose a lot of your time.

G.-B.: Thanks to you, Mr. Jiggs, I have gained a good deal by it. (Long and ceremonious leave-taking. Exit the Jiggs'. In a few moments Dobson, the valet, re-enters the room.)

DOBSON (scornfully): Begging your pardon, Mr. Gatesby-Browne, sir, but I must say that that Jiggs person is an extraordinary individual. When I gave him his stick, he tried to put a twenty dollar bill in my hand.

G.-B.: Did you refuse it?

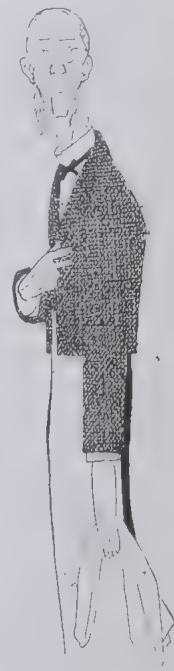
DOBSON (with dignity): Mr. Gatesby-Browne! You pay me my wages regularly. I can live on what I earn. . . .

I am not in the habit of accepting tips—from vulgar people.

G.-B. (between his teeth): That is all, Dobson. (Pauses—and calls him back.) Oh, Dobson, just one moment, please. Dobson, I insist upon your accepting twenty dollars from me, here and now. (Hands him that amount.) I insist, mind you, insist. You can say, if you like, that the tip did not come from me, but from that ridiculous Mr. Jiggs.

DOBSON: May I ask why?

G.-B.: Indeed you may, and I will gladly inform you. It is because, Dobson, I want you to live up to that familiar old maxim: "Like master, like man." I can't very well be taught manner by my servant, Dobson.





# Protégez votre teint

**L**A Poudre Nildé protège le teint contre ses ennemis de tous les instants: *le soleil ou le froid, la poussière, le vent, la pluie.* Elle permet ainsi de conserver à la peau sa souplesse et son velouté naturels et de posséder toujours un teint ayant toute l'exquise fraîcheur de la jeunesse. Elle doit cette propriété à son extrême finesse autant qu'à la nature, à la qualité supérieure et au dosage scientifique des produits qui la composent et qui en font la Poudre de Beauté par excellence.

La Poudre Nildé est vendue en boîtes et en écrins de luxe munis d'un tamis qui permet d'obtenir de façon précise la quantité de poudre que l'on désire et *pas davantage*; on ne risque pas ainsi d'en répandre sur les

vêtements ou autour de soi. La propreté et l'économie qui en résultent sont évidentes. La boîte-tamis rend aisé ce poudrage invisible, d'une régularité parfaite qui donne au visage l'esthétique rêvée.

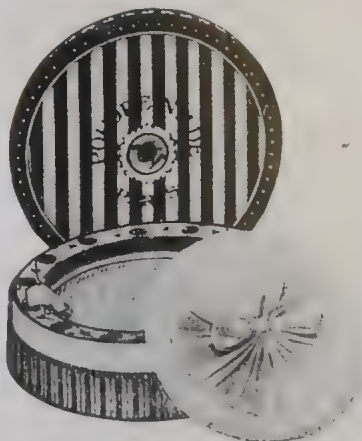
La Poudre Nildé se fait en cinq nuances: Rachel, Naturelle, Blanche, Rose, Basanée. Chaque nuance existe en trois parfums: Bouquet Nildé, Violette, Rose (soit un choix de 15 sortes).

|                                     | En Boîtes-tamis<br>Carton. | En Ecrins-tamis<br>(Modèles de luxe<br>Soie et broderie,<br>ou cuir) |
|-------------------------------------|----------------------------|--|
| Le petit modèle plat pour le sac... | 1.25                       | 4.50   |
| Le grand modèle .....               | 3.75                       | 9.00   |

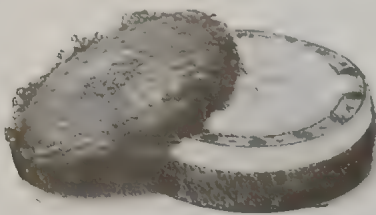
La Poudre Nildé est en vente chez les bons parfumeurs et coiffeurs et dans tous les Magasins de nouveautés.

Si votre fournisseur habituel ne la tient pas demandez-lui de vous la procurer, ou bien nous vous l'enverrons franco contre mandat-post.

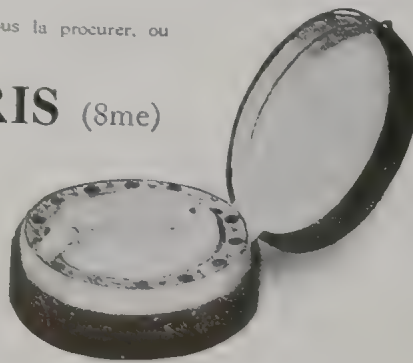
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Poudre Nildé en boîte carton garnie du tamis et de la houppe.



Poudre Nildé en écrin soie et broderie rococo, muni du tamis, de la houppe et d'une glace dans la couvercle.



L'écrin cuir avec glace-couvercle à charnière pouvant être regarni d'une "Poudre Nildé" carton, ces boîtes étant interchangeables.



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Near Fifty-eighth Street  
NEW YORK



HATS      BLOUSES  
FURS      NOVELTIES



A Chelsea porcelain  
rabbit egg dish,  
from the Hodge  
Collection

## The Fascinating Story of Old Chelsea

(Continued from page 72)

dlestick, salt-cellars, sauce-boats, tea and coffee equipage. In short, it is complete, and cost £1,200."

### The Decline

After the death of the Duke of Cumberland and of the Director of the works, M. Spremont, the porcelain of Chelsea declined. Grosley's "Tour of London," as we have it in Nugent's translation noted this decline. Apropos of earthenware he wrote: "The manufactures of this sort lately set on foot in the neighborhood of London have not been able to stand their ground. That at Chelsea, the most important of all, was just fallen when I arrived at that capital." The last proprietors had pleaded in vain for further state protection, but it was not forthcoming. It closed its doors, while the models, materials, etc., were carted off to Derby, followed by the forlorn workmen who witnessed the dissolution in 1784.

In Smith's "Life of Nollekens" we find the following reference to the porcelain of Chelsea: "The factory stood just below the bridge upon the site of Lord Dartery's house. 'My father worked for them at one time,' said Nollekens. 'Yes,' replied Betew, 'and Sir James Thornhill designed for them.' Mr. Walpole has at Strawberry Hill half-a-dozen china plates by Sir James which he bought at Mr. Hogarth's sale. Paul Ferg painted for them. The cunning rogues produced very white and delicate ware, but then they had their clay from China, which when the Chinese found out, they would not let the captains have any more for ballast, and the consequence was that the whole concern failed." Nevertheless, although decorated by Sir James Thornhill, these plates were probably of Dutch *fabrique*.

### Dr. Johnson, Ceramicist

We learn from Faulkner's "History of Chelsea" that Dr. Johnson "conceived the notion that he was capable of improving the manufacture of china. He even applied to the directors of the Chelsea China Works, and was allowed to bake his compositions in their ovens in Lawrence Street, Chelsea. He was accordingly accustomed to go down with his housekeeper, about twice a week, and stayed the whole day, she carrying

a basket of provisions with her." One could hardly imagine the good Doctor's adventuring without the provisions! But alas! the Doctor's mixtures all yielded to the intensity of the heat while the clays prepared by the company came forth aggravatingly whole. Faulkner says: "The Doctor retired in disgust, but not in despair, for he afterwards gave a dissertation on this very subject in his works; but the overseer (who was still living in the spring of 1814) assured Mr. Stephens that he (the overseer) was still ignorant of the nature of the operation. He seemed to think that the Doctor imagined one single substance was sufficient, while he, on the other hand, asserted that he always used sixteen; and he must have had some practice, as he had nearly lost his eyesight by firing batches of China, Chelsea and Derby.

### Chelsea Colors

The collector of old Chelsea will find it rare indeed! But, as with so many things worth while, an occasional find will bring thrills of a quality scarcely to be compared with the ordinary excitements of coming upon a bit of common ware. As the Chelsea porcelain was of very soft paste, the pieces do not withstand re-firing, in consequence of which it is not thus re-decorated or patched up as often is the case with many wares.

The color-charm of old Chelsea is very definite. Where, for instance, in any other porcelains, will one find just its own peculiar claret color? The early forms were oriental undoubtedly, but the early forms of Chelsea within the period its history is clear to us were French. Under the Georges, Dresden exerted its influence in form, color and decoration. I have seen pieces of Chelsea that appeared comparable with Royal Sèvres, whose influence was so distinctly in evidence from 1750 to 1765. Especially fine are the pieces which bear the landscape decorations painted by Beaumont.

### Figures and Figurines

The Chelsea figure pieces began to appear about 1750, at least the earliest mention of them extant is dated about

(Continued on page 83)



Chelsea mantel  
ornament.  
From the Metropolitan

## The Fascinating Story of Old Chelsea

(Continued from page 82)

that time. While they were influenced by the Dresden and by French figurines, they developed qualities of their own and their greater naturalness and freedom from affectation at once lends them an unmistakable distinction. Not only were gentle shepherds, demure shepherdesses, swains and sweethearts modeled in old Chelsea porcelain, but portrait busts as well came into fashion. Field-Marshal Conway, Walpole's friend, and others intimate with the master of Strawberry Hill "sat" to Chelsea. The "George II" portrait bust is one of the best of the series.

The early figure pieces were usually ungilded. Where gilt, the gilding was sparingly used. With the advent of 1760 gorgeous coloring and a lavish use of gilding came into play. Scent-bottles, cane handles, knife and fork handles, Breloques, Bonbonnières and patch-boxes, are a few of the many things to which Chelsea porcelain lent itself. As to the texture of the ware, it has already been said that all genuine Chelsea is of very soft paste, requiring all decoration to be done at one time, as it could not withstand a second firing. In body it is uneven, the paste having the effect of poor mixing, as one will see by holding a piece of Chelsea to the light, when the spots can be detected. The glaze of the earliest pieces is thick and was applied unevenly.

### Chelsea Marks

Nearly all bits of Chelsea porcelain display stilt marks. A crudely drawn triangle marks the Chelsea ware of the 1745-1751 period. From 1749 to 1753, inclusive, we find the Embossed Anchor, a raised anchor upon an embossed oval. Then followed through 1759 the Anchor mark in red or gold painted on the glaze. Sometimes Chelsea pieces were marked with two anchors. When the Derby Works acquired the Chelsea manufactory and continued the Chelsea porcelain for a while, the mark used was a combination capital letter D and an anchor. From 1773 to 1784 the mark was a Crown over an Anchor or a Crown over a D and a combination D and Anchor. In the early pieces which were copies of Oriental ones, various pseudo-oriental marks were used at Chelsea, but nearly all introduce an anchor-like mark. This anchor was probably suggested by some early Venetian workman in Chelsea's first porcelain manufactory.

Fine Chelsea is rare enough to lead one to consider a few good pieces, even four or five, a "collection." But whether or not one is a collector, every lover of beautiful porcelain should know something of its interesting story.

## Phonographs Enlist for Overseas

(Continued from page 52)

are phonographs that aren't needed, to say nothing of records that are never played.

"We want those slacker records," said Mr. Vivian Burnett, the acting chairman and originator of the Phonograph Record Recruiting Corps, "and in addition we want the records that people are using, will really miss, but are willing to give to the Army and the Navy. Already we have five hundred local branches organized, and we want one in every city and town in the country. The other day we had a letter from Pig Point—no, you don't know where that is—neither did we. But there's a group of girls at Pig Point who make munitions. They said they had nothing to do with their evenings because, since the work was dangerous, they were far away from the nearest town. Wouldn't we send them a phonograph, please?"

By the same mail came another letter from a boat in New York Harbor whose mother-ship was the *Amphitrite*. "But if you get a phonograph for us, do for heaven's sake send it straight to us, and not in care of the *Amphitrite*," implored the ensign who wrote, "because if you do, we'll never see it. Those fellows sure are sharks for music."

"Dear Geraldine—Thank you"

The letters that come aren't all requests; some of them are to say thank you, like the one that Geraldine Farrar prizes so highly. It tells of a group of boys who were waiting to go into action for the first time. It was bitter cold. It was night. The barrage had been tearing the heart out of the world for half a horrible hour. Then it stopped, and the comparative silence while the first divisions went in was worse yet. Then somebody had an inspiration, and out into that hellish night there stole the cool soprano ripple of Geraldine Farrar's voice singing—not "The Star Spangled Banner," but "Mighty Lak' a Rose."

The letter doesn't say much, but it says all that Farrar wants to make her an ardent patron of the Phonograph Record Recruiting Corps, "Dear Geraldine—Thank you."

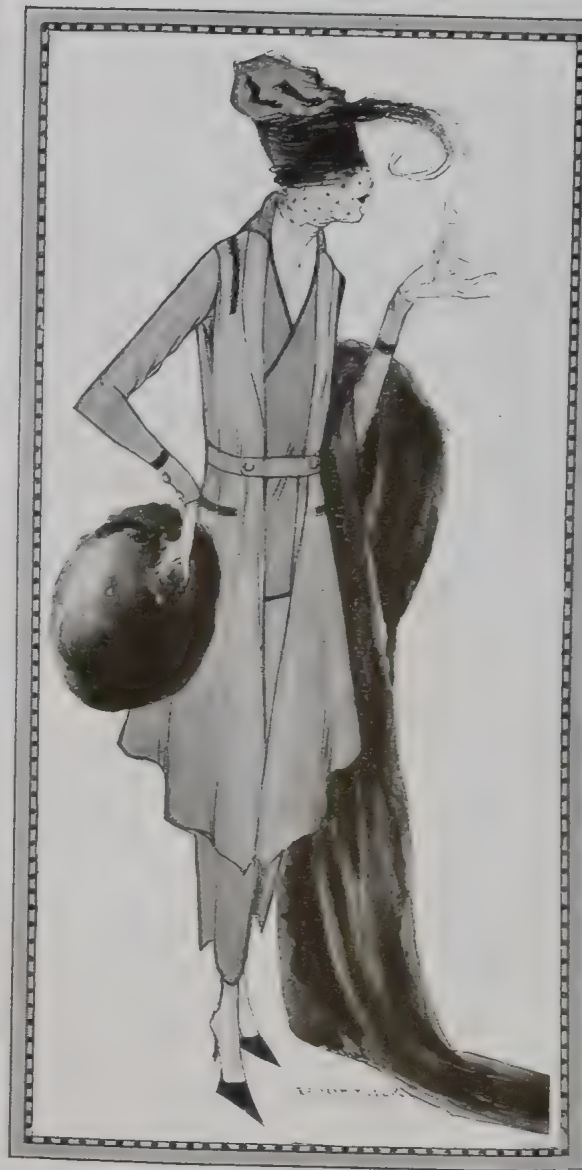
But it isn't only before an action that the men want music; it's after an action; and after all actions are over forever.

A member of a hospital unit was given the duty of caring for shell-shocked patients who were still within sound of the big guns. He had seventy-five of them, not physically injured in every case, but terribly ill for all that. Shortly after midnight the bombardment began.

"No, I won't try to tell you about it," he said. "I wouldn't dare. It was too awful. Every five seconds there was a flash in the sky, then the roar of the guns and—but if you've ever seen shell-shock you know, and if you haven't, thank God. I never was so glad to see the end of a night in my life."

"That day I thought it all out. At just about one A. M. the bombardment started again, but before the horror of great darkness got its clutches on my poor boys, I had all the windows and doors shut, and the loudest record we had was blaring away on the phonograph. From that time until the guns stopped I stood there changing records. You could see that awful look coming into their faces even in the second between one song and the next. But we fought it off together—the phonograph and I—and when the dawn came they were all asleep."

If it is true, as medical authorities assert, that music speeds up convalescence ten per cent., then even the most practical-minded of us can see the need of that million records. Records have casualties, too, remember, and an army of a million needs constant recruiting if it is to be kept up to strength. Even if there are five hundred branches at present gathering music for the boys, there isn't a record that hasn't a questionnaire that is directed to its address.



Style No. 7419—Doubly modish is this stunning serge coat-dress. The tunic assumes an envelope effect that gracefully abdicates in favor of a box-pleat panel in the back. The vest is bound with the same silken braid so skillfully inserted as trimming. Collar of heavy faille silk.

THE little *Blackshire* label sewn in your black dress, whether for social or mourning wear, is an assurance of correct style development, inherent good taste and simple refinement.

Suitable for so many occasions, *Blackshire* dresses are playing a most important part in the war-time wardrobe where one gown is taking the place of three.

Write today for the new "*Blackshire Style Story*", sending the name of your favorite shop.

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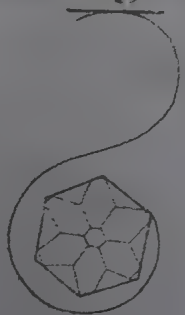
# VAN RAALTE

## Veils



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Baroque — William and Mary — small, square, walnut frame with seaweed marqueterie. Lehne



## Mirrors and Mirror Frames in Three Centuries

(Continued from page 69)

finely figured walnut veneer or of laquer and gold. Oftentimes the upper section of the glass was embellished with some simple and shallow-cut device. Another ornamentation was to paint on the under side in reverse, Chinese figure, pagoda, and tree and bird devices in vivid colors. This usage continued till after the middle of the 18th Century. It was also a common practice to make the frame enclose two areas, the lower and large section being for the mirror, while the upper section was reserved for a decorative painting.

### Influence of Large Glass

Once the large glass was available in quantity, the decorator was not slow to use it to full purpose and empanel it in walls. A contemporary description of the dining-room at Chatsworth tells us that at one end was "a large door all of Looking glasse in great panells all diamond Cutt. This opposite to ye doores that runs into ye drawing roome and bed chamber and Closet so it shows ye roomes to Look all double. Ye Dutchess's Closet is wanscoated with ye hollow burnt japan, and at Each corner are peers of Looking glass. In all ye windows ye Squares of glass are so large and good they cost 10s. a panell."

"Diamond Cutt" means the shallow cutting of leaves, flowers, scrolls, stars, sun rays and similar devices with which the heads of mirrors were adorned. From empaneling mirrors in walls and doors it was only one remove to empaneling them in cabinetwork, and from the last quarter of the 17th Century onward this became a common and highly effective practice.

The early Georgian mirror frame, walnut veneered and parcel gilt or



Rococo — Spanish painted and parcel gilt frame. C. M. Traver Co.

wrought with gesso relief and wholly gilt, took on, as the century advanced, a more and more architectural character with pediments, cornices and mouldings that echoed exactly the overdoor carvings or the arrestings upon "architects' furniture" of contemporary design.

The same sort of architectural pomp in miniature was one of the chief characteristics of French mirror frames during the reign of Louis XIV, gilt foliations, diapered flat surfaces, perforations, shell motifs and masques all being subservient to the general architectural spirit of the composition. Mirror glass of good size was successfully made in France from 1665 onward. Glass frames also were used, some of those of varicolored glass approximating the products of Venetian workshops.

In Italy and Spain, although the mirror frames all during the period were rich and beautiful, there was scarcely so wide a diversity of forms as in England. Many of the frames closely resembled resplendent picture frames with their bold and mellow carving gilt, and the intervening spaces polychromed. There were likewise glass frames, not usually of any great size, with an outward bevel painted and gilt or silvered in reverse. Then, too, there were the glass Venetian frames made of either large pieces or of a number of small piece of multi-colored glass. Sometimes a portion of the mirror was ornamented either with etching or with intaglio cutting in reverse. Then, also, in both Spain and Italy, were to be found the native versions of what we should call the tall Queen Anne forms.

### The Rococo Mode

A singular unanimity of design seems to have characterized mirror frames in the period of Rococo influence, both in England and on the Continent, with a single exception. That exception was the Anglo-Chinese phase of which Chip-

(Continued on page 85)



Late 18th Century gilt with painted panel. Lehne

## Mirrors and Mirror Frames in Three Centuries

(Continued from page 84)

pendale, Sir William Chambers and Johnson were the chief exponents, a phase in which pagoda roofs, rustic boughs, stalactites, mandarins and umbrellas and birds were the distinguishing properties. This phase was a part of the Rococo episode because it was strongly influenced by Rococo principles and because the fresh burst of passion for Chinoiserie was a part of the revolt against Baroque formality.

Other than the Chinese creations, Rococo mirror frames in England and France, in Spain and Italy, displayed the same waving vegetable forms, the same irregular shell motif, the same counterposed curves, and the same studied avoidance of straight lines. Many of these frames are graceful and delicate and need only consistent environment to call forth their charm. In France it was a common practice to empanel a number of mirrors in the walls of a room and to surmount them with small decorative paintings enclosed in the head of the framing.

### Neo-Classic Designs

Again, in the Neo-Classic period, we find a similar remarkable unanimity of spirit, the spirit of reawakened classicism, but a diversity of interruption quite unknown in the Rococo period. In England the Brothers Adam made a deliberately formal use of mirrors in decoration and they designed emphatically architectural frames and divisions, accompanied by all the well-known Adam "trade-marks"—fluting, urns, medallions, paterae, ovals, fan rays, sphinxes, arabesques, rosettes—and oftentimes hung swags and drops of bell-flowers over the upper reaches of the glass. They also made frequent use of vertical and horizontal oval shapes and of octagons.

Although the gilt mirror frame was in high favor, it was by no means universal. Frames were *gesso* coated and then painted in the soft greens and cream tones, prevalent at the period, and decorated with devices in gilt or color. A special feature was made, too, of painting decorative mirror heads which might either be in full color, in the manner of Pergolesi or Angelica Kauffmann, or in soft monochrome with classic figures in a medallion or other formal composition, drawn in the manner of Flaxman or Lady Templeton. Or, again, the mirror head might merely contain a graceful little polychrome arabesque. Later in the century, mirror heads were frequently painted in reverse in gold, white and black, sometimes with a diapered ground, while the principal design was enclosed in a circle, octagon or medallion. In some instances, especially in the case of large mirrors, classic designs similar to those by David were executed in monochrome.

Besides painted frames, other alternatives to gilt were satinwood and mahogany. The latter, especially, continued popular throughout the century and occurred plain with silhouetted shaping at the top, carved, or carved and parcel gilt, not only in designs that were suggestive of Sheraton inspiration, but also in forms that were clearly reminiscent of the earlier part of the century. This was particularly the case in America.

While the Neo-Classic spirit was powerful enough to keep mirror frame styles in England and on the Continent in virtually the same channel of expression, several local forms of peculiar individuality deserve a special note of recognition. One of these was the Spanish Bilboa mirror. It was strongly

architectural in its marbleized composition, with pilasters at the sides and an entablature at the top. There was also generally a surmounting medallion in gilt with a colored ground and a device of classic figures, and to this capping feature was added some attendant ornament at each side in gilded compo. Italy, too, produced some fascinating simplified interpretations that retained classic dignity and restraint, but managed to eliminate all formality and acquire a peculiarly intimate and domestic character.

### Directoire and Empire

The Directoire and early Empire episodes were punctiliously copied alike in England, in Italy, in Spain, and in America, so there is a striking similarity between the frames executed in those styles in all the countries. During the ascendancy of the Directoire influence, previous forms were attenuated and simplified and the spirit of austerity aimed at was well represented by the rigid classicism of the monochrome mirror heads wrought in David designs.

Under the Empire style a spirit of robust ostentation controlled all design, placing about equal emphasis on heroic and heavy classic motifs and upon military attributes in impressive groups. Vigorous, imposing lines and plenteous gilded gorgeousness held the foreground and the chief aim of art seemed to be to express ideals of opulence and physical might, albeit the expression was carried out with as much decorous grace as possible. One admirable example of this impressive tendency is seen in the large round convex girandoles with spread eagles and military trophies atop.

The alternative to gilding was mahogany with plentiful gilt or brass mounts to enrich it. A certain amount of black molding was also often used in conjunction with the gold.

Many of the mirrors were larger—larger than single sheets of glass had ever been before—and when there were decorated mirror heads, the motifs were large, too, and of either classic or military provenance. The small vertical mirrors in mahogany frames, that were so plentiful in America at this period, and are still to be found in considerable numbers, had heads with architectural or landscape subjects, painted in reverse in polychrome, and echoed in a humble way the more stately conceptions of the French designers who devised the style in compliance with Napoleon's behest.

### Mirrors in Decoration

There is no single item in furniture that contains more decorative potentiality than the mirror with its frame. By virtue of the constantly changing reflections and the play of lights on its surface it inevitably becomes a centre of interest, and is thus a ready agent for creating emphasis where it may be needed. While the mirror itself gives life and depth to a composition, the frame gives the note of style. Besides giving the means for applying decorative emphasis, it affords an especially inviting opportunity for the effective introduction of color.

The whole subject of mirror frames and the use of mirrors is fraught with manifold possibilities that become more stimulating the more one examines them. Many of the designs and processes that proved so telling in the past it is perfectly possible to reproduce or to adopt without serious difficulty or expense.



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Abbé

*Carole McComas went from  
"The Walk-Offs," to the lead  
in "Not With My Money"*

## SEEN on the STAGE

(Continued from page 55)

mary will suffice to recall it to the attention of the reader. Fedya, the hero, is cursed with the poetic temperament without being gifted with the real poet's power of attaining self-fulfillment through self-expression. He drifts into long continued periods of drinking, and spends most of his time with a tribe of singing gypsies. Masha, a girl of this tribe, is the one person in the world who inspires him to glimpses of his better self; and for her he develops a very strong affection, which remains, however, always scrupulously chaste. Meanwhile, Fedya's deserted wife, named Liza, begins to see more and more of a very worthy friend of hers and Fedya's who has loved her for many years. This friend, named Victor, is an honourable man, and does his best to induce Fedya to return to Liza; but when his best efforts to this end have proved of no avail, he implores Liza to secure a divorce and to marry him. Fedya also is an honourable man. He believes that his wife will be more happy as the wife of Victor, and he desires to grant her the divorce that she deserves. But he is confronted by the uncomfortable fact that the divorce laws of Russia are just as archaic as those of New York state. Liza can not secure a divorce unless she can prove in court that her husband has committed adultery,—a thing that he has never done. His sensitive soul revolts against the usual expedient of hiring some woman of the streets to fabricate false evidence against him; and he decides, instead, to kill himself in order to set Liza free to marry Victor. But when he raises the pistol to his head, he realizes with dismay that he lacks sufficient will to pull the trigger. In this dilemma, Masha, the gypsy girl, persuades him to pretend that he has committed suicide by jumping into the river, to arrange ample circumstantial evidence of suicide and then to disappear forever. This he does. His suppositious death is adequately attested; and, in due time, Liza and Victor are married happily.

Meanwhile, Fedya, leading the aimless life of a living dead man, sinks lower and lower into the very depths of the slums. At last, one night, he tells his strange story to a companion in a cheap drinking den. The story is overheard by a criminal who, after failing to extort blackmail from the penniless Fedya as the price of silence, reports it to the authorities. Liza, Victor, and Fedya are dragged into court; and the innocent married couple are ac-

cused of deliberate bigamy. The progress of the trial is very harrowing to all concerned, because of the injustice of the laws and the stupidity of their administration. Finally, Fedya, in an agony of self-reproach, summons up the sudden courage to shoot himself, in a corridor outside the courtroom, and thereby solves the situation with a tragic last self-sacrifice.

This is, in itself, an interesting story; but, as Count Tolstoi has treated it, the characters are immeasurably more important than the plot. The accuracy of his observation, the intimacy of his analysis, the profundity of his sympathy, produce an impression of the immensity of life that is rarely to be met with in the modern theatre. Though "The Living Corpse", according to the point of view, may or may not be regarded as a great play, there is no denying that it is a great work and that it was written by a great man.

### "SLEEPING PARTNERS"

"Sleeping Partners" is another foreign play that suffers in New York from the imposition of a title that is utterly inept. This is a Parisian farce by Sacha Guitry, a son of the famous actor, Lucien Guitry; and in the original it bore the lovely name, "Faisons un Rêve" ("Let's Dream a Dream"). The new title was first applied to it in London, where the piece was successfully performed by Seymour Hicks. In England this phrase conveyed the witty implication of a double meaning, because "sleeping partner" is an English commercial term that signifies what is meant in America by the term, "silent partner"; but this implication of the London title has been deleted by transference overseas, and there seems to be a danger that many worthy people in New York may infer that a play called "Sleeping Partners" must have been written by Frederic and Fanny Hatton. Such an inference would be indeed deplorable; for the main merit of Sacha Guitry's farce is the fact that it appeals to people of the very finest taste.

"Tell me what you laugh at and I will tell you what you are," will do very well for a maxim. By no other evidence have the French more clearly demonstrated that they lead the world in civilization than by the keen intelligence displayed in their light and nimble laugh-

(Continued on page 87)



Bangs

Catherine Proctor is leading woman for Leo Ditrichstein in "The Matinee Hero." Last year, in "Out There," Miss Proctor stood ready to step into any feminine rôle in the cast—which is a rather large record for a small person

## SEEN on the STAGE

(Continued from page 86)

ter. It was not, by any means, an accident that the greatest comic dramatist in history was born in Paris. We Americans are rather prone to boast about our sense of humour; yet our native farces still seem lame and lumbering when compared with the lighter-footed products of the Parisian theatre.

"Sleeping Partners" affords the most delightful entertainment that has been offered in New York for many months. The piece is more than witty; it is gay. The levity of the author is so airy and so exquisite that the auditor is lifted, as on iridescent wings, to a region which, though still hilarious, is almost lyrical.

It is quite impossible to summarize the story of "Faisons un Rêve," because the merit of this story is derived not from the subject-matter but from the method of the telling. The quality of the text is so fine that it requires the finest quality of acting; and this it happily receives in the American production. There are only four characters in the play,—a Frenchwoman, her French husband, her English lover, and the latter's English servant. The entire action passes in the Englishman's flat in Paris; and the two French characters are supposed to talk to him in English. By a happy stroke of casting, these French parts are played by two French performers, Irene Bordoni and Guy Favières, both of whom speak English naturally with just the right degree of foreign accent. The English philanderer and his servant are appropriately played by two English actors, H. B. Warner and Arthur Lewis.

All four parts are acted so impeccably that it would be unfair to say that any one performance is more worthy than the others; yet the chief praise must go to Mr. Warner because his part is not only the most prominent, but also the most difficult. This excellent actor has never been afforded in the past an adequate opportunity to disclose the sheer *finesse* which he reveals in the performance of this airy and ingratiating character.

The public is indebted to John D. Williams for the privilege of enjoying a thoroughly delightful production of a thoroughly delightful play. If intelligent and tasteful merriment is a necessary tonic in war time, as many wise philosophers have argued, Mr. Williams has done more for us with this one production than all the other American managers who are en-

deavouring to entertain the public in these strenuous times.

### "THE SAVING GRACE"

The dialogue of "The Saving Grace," by Haddon Chambers, is very nearly as humorous as that of his celebrated comedy, "The Tyranny of Tears." Furthermore, the amusing lines are not mere verbal witticisms, like the epigrams of Oscar Wilde, that might be spoken by almost any actor in almost any act. The laughter of the audience results, instead, from a recognition of the human foibles of the characters, as these foibles are called forth and emphasized by the successive situations. The people of the play are interesting in themselves, and they are admirably drawn. Furthermore, the comedy enjoys the advantage of excellent acting in all its parts. The leading rôles are played by Cyril Maude and Laura Hope Crews. Mr. Maude, of course, is one of the finest character actors on the English-speaking stage; but, in the present instance, his work does not stand out with undue prominence, because of the admirable contributions of the supporting members of the cast.

On the other hand, it must be stated that the subject-matter of "The Saving Grace" appears to have been compounded out of several other plays that already are familiar in the theatre. The character assigned to Mr. Maude, for instance, is a sort of cross between Micawber and the hero of "The Second in Command." Furthermore, the structure of the piece is exceedingly old-fashioned. At the outset of the first act, a man-servant and a maid-servant enter and proceed to set the table for dinner. While they are doing so, they explain to each other the entire story of the play and exchange comments concerning every character that figures in the plot. This elementary method of exposition dates back to the days of Scribe; and one wonders why so experienced a playwright as Mr. Chambers should have chosen to employ it. Possibly he felt that, since his plot was unimportant, it might be just as well to tell the whole story right away and get it over with, so that, after the first entrance of his leading people, he might be free to devote his entire attention to a careful drawing of their characters. This may also be

(Continued on page 88)

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## SEEN on the STAGE

(Continued from page 87)



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the reason why many other conventional expedients have been employed to assist the plot in its rather straggling progress from the outset to the end. But a somewhat incongruous impression is necessarily produced by a play whose pattern seems to date from 1890, whereas the dialogue, at many moments, seems fairly bristling with modernity.

## "INFORMATION. PLEASE!"

It is in writing comedies that our American authors are most notably inferior to the more experienced playwrights of France and England. Our strong points are narrative invention and a clever jugglery of those devices of the stage that can be employed most usefully in farces and in melodramas. "Information, Please!", by Jane Cowl and Jane Murfin, begins as a comedy of character but soon declines into a farce of situation. For two acts, it is fairly entertaining; but the last act is comparatively dull, because the authors appear to have exhausted their material.

Lady Betty Desmond is married to an Irish member of Parliament who is devoted to her and therefore pays punctilious attention to his public duties in order that he may advance his own career in politics and carry her along with him to a higher station in society. Because of this, she deems herself neglected. She would appreciate her husband more, if, instead of attending the sessions of Parliament, he would remain at home and flirt with her. Early in the story, she pays a midnight visit to a roadhouse of questionable reputation, in company with a young admirer of hers named Gerald Forrester, and contrives that this indiscretion shall be reported to her husband. By this means she hopes to startle him into paying a greater amount of personal attention to her. But the ruse fails; and, in a moment of pettish anger, Lady Betty suddenly agrees to elope to New York with Gerald Forrester. This elopement, to be sure, is, upon her part, an entirely platonic affair; for she takes along not only her maid but also her companion, Ivy Druce. Her husband pursues her to New York and finds that the eloping pair have registered at the Vandercliff Hotel as man and wife, even though Forrester is living elsewhere and is never admitted to the rooms of Lady Betty and Miss Druce. A scandal is threatened; but the situation is cleared up in the course of the labourious last act, and all the characters live happily ever after.

In these serious and earnest times, it is questionable whether the public will find patience to sympathize with the caprices of so feather-brained a heroine as Lady Betty Desmond. The character is truthfully depicted; but it can not be denied that the woman is a silly little fool. This part is played by Miss Cowl; and it may be said in praise of her performance that she acquits herself more cleverly as an actress than as an author. In view of the fact that she has found most favour in the past in playing lachrymose passages in sentimental melodramas, the sprightliness and verve of the present comedy performance will come as a surprise to many of her admirers.

## "NOTHING BUT LIES"

"Nothing but Lies" is worth seeing because the leading part is played by William Collier, and this comedian is always entertaining; but it is scarcely worth seeing for any other reason. The theme of this farce by Aaron Hoffman is identical with that of "Nothing but the Truth," by James Montgomery, which was produced by Mr. Collier a couple of years ago; but the plot of the new piece is neither so consistent nor so coherent as that of the antecedent play.

In "Nothing but Lies," Mr. Collier ap-

pears as one of the partners in the most successful firm of advertising agents in New York. His success has been derived from his remarkable ability as a cheerful and imaginative liar; but, in the first act, the girl to whom he is engaged extracts from him a solemn promise to change his mental habits and thenceforward to tell nothing but the truth. Throughout the second act, he honestly endeavours to tell the truth, though his resolution is interrupted by several lapses that are forced upon him by the popping up of unexpected situations; but the net result of all his truth-telling is that, at the end of the act, all the leading characters, including the heroine herself, are arrested for various infractions of the law and threatened with sentences to jail. In the last act, the hero succeeds in lying them out of their difficulties, and the heroine is persuaded that life, after all, may be conducted much more comfortably with the assistance of a few generous and well-intended lies.

Mr. Collier, of course, depicts the same character that he has played for so many years, in one piece after another; and the most amusing passages are those which are obviously due to his collaboration with the author. But, once again, it seems a sort of pity that an actor of such engaging personality and such admirable art should appear only in plays that, in themselves, are inconsiderable.

## "THE MATINÉE HERO"

Leo Ditrichstein is another very able actor who displays a regrettable tendency to appear in the same part, season after season. His favourite character is that of an artist, of ingenuous and childlike personality, who is adored by many women because of his reputation and his charm, and who is mothered by a faithful wife who understands his temperament and forgives his foibles. This season, Mr. Ditrichstein's hero is an actor, instead of being a painter, a musician, or an opera-singer; but neither the character nor the personality of the hero have been altered.

For this reason, those who patronize the present play are likely to receive an impression, first of all, that they have seen the piece before; and this impression is accentuated by the fact that the story is conventional and is developed along lines that are entirely traditional. "The Matinée Hero" was composed by Mr. Ditrichstein in collaboration with A. E. Thomas. In the case of such a partnership, it is only natural to assume that the actor contributed the theme and story of the play and aided in the construction of the plot, and that the lines were written, for the most part, by the professional author. If this assumption is correct, it affords an explanation of the fact that "The Matinée Hero" is much too dull a play to have been expected from the practiced pen of Mr. Thomas. The material was uninspiring. Mr. Thomas has treated it in a workmanlike manner; but the piece is strangely lacking in those delightful passages of spontaneous humour and charming sentiment which have come to be looked for in his plays.

The leading character is a popular actor who is adored by all the women because he appears always as the sugar-candy hero of a sugar-candy play. He has long nourished an ambition to play Hamlet; but this ambition is not only discouraged by his manager, for commercial reasons, but also by his faithful wife, because she fears to see him fail. Therefore, he turns for sympathy to a blonde adventuress, who, to secure her own ends, encourages him to go ahead with his preparations for a production of Shakespeare's tragedy. What her own ends are remains a mystery, for the mo-

(Continued on page 89)

(Continued from page 88)

tives of the blonde adventuress are never made completely clear; but, at any rate, she so absorbs the attention of the matinee hero that his manager renounces him and even his faithful wife decides ultimately to desert him. In due time, however, the perfidy of the adventuress is exposed and the hero becomes reconciled with those who love him best. Thereupon, he recites to them the suicide soliloquy of Hamlet; and he does it so ably that not only his wife, but his manager as well, come over to his side and agree to help him in his contemplated production of the play.

## "I. O. U."

"I. O. U.," by Hector Turnbull and Willard Mack, was based upon a pre-existent motion-picture by Mr. Turnbull, called "The Cheat"; and it afforded an interesting instance of a fundamental psychologic difference between the effect of physical horror when shown upon the screen and the effect of physical horror when shown upon the stage.

The heroine of the story is a society woman, with a passion for fine clothes, who is afflicted with the unfortunate habit of running up bills which she is unable to pay. She sinks so deeply into debt that she is afraid to tell her husband; and, in the hope of clearing herself, she gambles in the stock-market with ten thousand dollars that has been entrusted to her as the treasurer of a charitable organization. This money is wiped away; and, in her despair, she appeals for assistance to Ramdah Sima, a suave East Indian of enormous wealth whom she has been led to consider as her friend. This Hindu gentleman offers to give her the money that she needs, provided that she will become his mistress. In the agony of the moment, she accepts the money; but she subsequently refuses to fulfill her part of the bargain. Thereupon, Ramdah Sima denounces her as a cheat; and, reverting to a custom of his forefathers, he brands her on the shoulder with a red hot iron, so that she will always bear a visible reminder of her faithlessness. After accomplishing this act of savagery, the Hindu gentleman commits suicide in a dignified and impressive manner.

This play was well constructed and well written. Furthermore, the characters were truthfully delineated, and the leading parts were admirably played by Mary Nash and José Ruben. But the piece was foredoomed to failure by reason of the revolting impression produced by the final scene of violence. When this episode was exhibited on the screen, the public regarded it with a kind of enjoyable excitement; but a different reaction resulted from the exhibition of the same episode on the stage with living actors. The sensation of watching a moving-picture of a battle, in which men are shot down and drop in their tracks, is something very different from the sensation of seeing an actual man shot down before one's very eyes. A photograph of something horrible is not by any means so harrowing as a direct vision of the thing itself; and this is a psychologic principle

that should always be borne in mind when attempts are made to transfer exciting stories from the screen to the stage or from the stage to the screen.

## "THE AWAKENING"

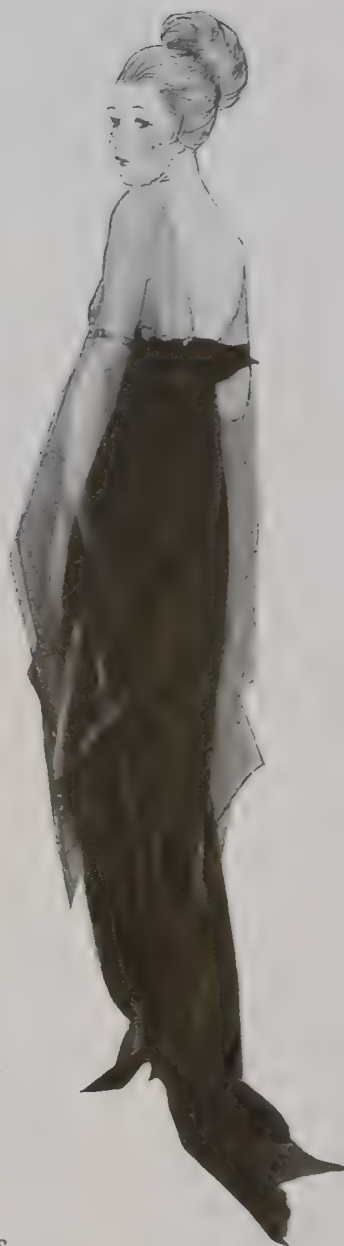
"The Awakening," by Ruth Sawyer, is an old-fashioned melodrama in five acts and eight scenes. It tells an elaborate story which at many moments seems to be exciting, but which remains for the most part exceedingly obscure. Though a whole long act is utilized as a sort of expository prologue, the motives and even the relations of the leading characters remain a mystery until the evening is nearly over. The hero and the heroine are professional Russian dancers employed in Paris, and they love each other ardently. That much is clear enough. The villain, who works hard to part them, is a Russian Prince who is somebody's uncle and has murdered somebody's father. On the other hand, they are aided by a Russian exile, returned from twenty years in drear Siberia, whither he had been sent because he had pretended to commit the murder, although in actuality he had done nothing of the sort. This pale-faced exile is somebody's brother, and loves somebody's sister, and seems to be a fine fellow, although we can never quite make out what he is doing in the play.

There are one or two dream-scenes in the play which carry the narrative backward in time; and the action keeps leaping back and forth between France and Russia. Considering that the piece is dated in the autumn of 1914, it seems indeed miraculous that the characters should be able to travel so quickly and so easily from one to another of these allied countries which were then discovered by the embattled Central Powers. There is one scene on the stage of the Théâtre du Châtelet, which shows the heroine executing a Russian dance in partnership with the hero; and this episode is truly beautiful, because the dance is finely rendered. What it has to do with the play would be rather difficult to report; but somebody shoots the heroine at the conclusion of the dance, and this pistol-shot causes her to dream the next scene or two.

If these notes seem unintelligible, the fault is more the author's than the critic's. It is impossible to summarize with clearness a story that has not been clearly told.

The leading parts in this concoction are played by Wilton Lackaye, Henry B. Walthall, Theodore Kosloff, and Kyva St. Albans. Each of these performers is unusually talented; but all of them are talented in different ways. Consequently, they play in different keys and with different methods; and the resultant performance is, as a whole, exceedingly incongruous.

This play is Russian only in its length, its heaviness, and its obscurity. With the notable example of "The Living Corpse" still vividly before us, it seems only reasonable to suggest that plays which deal with Russian characters should be undertaken only by Russian authors.



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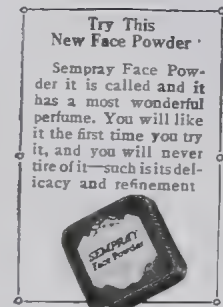
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Hawks

At Mount Holyoke, twenty-eight acres of the college land was turned into a farm, and fifteen thousand cans of vegetables were filed for future reference

## HOEING FOR DEMOCRACY

(Continued from page 51)

Wellesley enlisted under the banner of the Food Administration early in the spring. A call came from the New England Food Board for Massachusetts wheat sufficient for the loading of one ship. Wellesley gave all the wheat flour on hand—about one hundred and fifty barrels—and for the rest of the year the college diet was practically wheatless. But this wasn't the sole contribution from Wellesley. The Botany Department, under Professor Margaret Ferguson, decided that there ought to be a Wellesley Farm. Unfortunately, the land around the college is poor, and, before it could be planted, it had to be thoroughly limed. Machines for sowing the lime couldn't be obtained, and the work of doing it by hand was so disagreeable that men couldn't be hired for it. Consequently Wellesley went out and limed the whole acreage itself, accepting the red eyes and the dirt with true trench-cheerfulness. During the term, the work of the farm was done by squads of volunteers who signed up for each day. Through the summer it was carried on by groups of girls some of whom served as housekeepers and cooks while the rest were busy in the fields. And everybody is more than enthusiastic about what is going to be accomplished next year.

### WELLESLEY'S LAND ARMY PLATTSBURGH

But even this wasn't all that Wellesley did. It furnished the site and financial support for a summer training camp for directors in the Woman's Land Army—a sort of Land Army Plattsburgh—and here Miss Edith Diehl of New York supervised the teaching of thirty picked women representing fourteen states from Maine to California. Everything that a supervisor of a Land Army Camp ought to know was in that course, from site-choosing and camp-planning, under the direction of Commandant Rush and Colonel Hall of the U. S. Marines, to the running of a Ford truck, the giving of first aid, and the cooking of dinner for the whole unit. It is hoped that next year there will be an extension of the camp idea so that every state of the Union will be covered.

Radcliffe was faced with the land difficulty, too, having no land of its own suitable for farming. But the old-established boys' school of Dummer Academy came to the rescue with dormitory accommodations and tillage land for a Radcliffe unit of twenty-six girls who not only raised vegetables for the college, but served as a welcome labour supply for the neighbouring farmers. At Mt. Holyoke, Mary Lyon would have been glad to know that twenty-eight acres of her beloved college ground was turned into gardens with the intention of producing enough to carry the college community through the year, though this community will number from a thousand to twelve hundred. The fifteen thousand cans of

corn, beans, and tomatoes, to say nothing of the potatoes, beets, carrots, turnips, squash, cabbage, and the rest of the kitchen garden stuff of which the faithful farmerettes have produced such surprising quantities, will go far toward making Mr. Hoover sleep o' nights.

Northfield Seminary had a double problem, since they not only wished to raise vegetables for themselves, but for the students who attended the various summer conferences held at the college each year. The work began with the picking of two thousand quarts of strawberries. Then came the hoeing and weeding of a garden of twenty acres and a stand of field corn covering one hundred acres ultimately destined for the Seminary herd that does its bit with a whole ton of milk a day. Finally, there was the canning of all the surplus produce including more than a hundred quarts of blueberries gathered in the nearby hills by the ardent patriots who didn't want to let a single source of food-supply get by them. It may be possible that you, madame reader, have never gathered blueberries. But if you have, you know that you would rather take Metz single-handed than pick that hundred quarts.

It was on such a blueberry day—sizzling sun and high white puffs of cloud—that we went up to Poughkeepsie to see the Vassar unit in action. Not that Vassar had done anything more than the rest, but that it presented a good vivid average of workers, opportunity, and amount accomplished.

The long road stretched away into the aching sunshine, four inches deep in squirrel-grey dust. To the right, the corn edged it in solemn rows that hadn't a breath of wind to stir their pale tassels. To the left, the tomato vines sprawled, speckled with Christmas red. All along the edge of the huge patch ran a little hedge of wooden crates filled to the top with tomatoes. And in the field there were bending blue and white figures that carried Riding Hood baskets in which the red tide rose higher and higher at every step.

### A CLOSE-UP OF THE FARMERETTE

"Thirty acres of truck garden," said Miss Helen Garrett, the student in charge of the Vassar Farm Unit, "and it seems as if it were all tomatoes. Here comes the truck to take them to the canning factory."

The squirrel-grey road disclosed a lurching black bulk with a blue and white driver, very hot, very tanned, very serene despite the temperature, and, as she dropped from her seat to the road, very businesslike in securing her crates.

The nearest blue and white picker held up an ensanguined hand. "Did you ever have them squeeze out on you—all hot?"

"You three are to report up on the

(Continued on page 91)

# HOEING FOR DEMOCRACY

(Continued from page 90)

north road," said Miss Garrett. "They have some vegetables ready for the Nurses' Training Camp."

Emptying the last of their tomatoes into a crate, the three designated dug concealed bicycles from the shelter of the corn; there was a flash of blue, a wave of wide straw hats, and off they flew, the pitiless sun twinkling from every nickelled spoke.

"And yet," said Miss Garrett, "some people ask us if the Vassar farmers are just an 'educational unit.'"

The truck driver smiled. "There are such things, you know. Miss Garrett was invited to speak to one of them up in New England not long ago—only she didn't know it till she was all through talking. She'd been most enthusiastic over the noble work and the great need, and then one of the girls said—they were all in uniform remember—I'm trying so hard not to overdo. Don't you think that's very important? I work an hour one day and then the other hour the next day." And so Miss Garrett found out that they were a two-hour-a-week corps."

"And you work—?"

"Eight hours a day," said the truck driver promptly. "Four on Saturday."

Last year the Vassar unit numbered twelve. This year it began with eighty—students, alumnae, and a sprinkling of students' friends. Finally it totalled one hundred and thirty. The Vassar farm itself spreads over five hundred vigorous acres, the truck garden covers thirty, and there are more than a hundred and fifty head of cattle. Being above all things efficient, Vassar believes in keeping the home fields earning first of all. The head farmer has been with the college for forty-five years, the head gardener for thirty-one, and the neighbourhood has immense respect for their ability to make things grow. The very fact that the Vassar potatoes were hoed by a bloomer squad last year, and that the ensilage corn was prepared by the same enthusiasts predisposed every one in and around Poughkeepsie in favour of "the farmerettes"—though Vassar, as might have been expected, is almost unanimous in resenting the diminutive.

## VASSAR PLANS ITS CAMPAIGN

"We proved what we could do last year," Miss Garrett said, "because we worked side by side with men. They gave us a twenty-four acre corn field, for example. We did two rows a day for each individual. They put the men in—and the men did a row and a half. We had one girl who could pitch as much hay as any man they put her up against—and milk more cows."

It was on the basis of the feats performed by the apostolic twelve that the unit of this year was organized. It was most important that everything should go well, for Vassar was to undertake its epoch-making summer training school for nurses told about in the June 1 number of *Vogue*. Five hundred women were expected, and the farm unit must be able to take care of a peak load all the time. If the alumnae were coming home to be nurses for their country, the student body in blue bloomers must prove that time hadn't caused any deterioration in the Vassar undergraduate. Besides that, some of the estates in the neighbourhood had promised all their surplus vegetables to the nurses, in return for which it was only fair to supply them with the opportunity to hire all the labour they needed for their total crop from strawberries to apples. The canning factory that put up jams and jellies and tomatoes and corn for the college, as well as for the Army and Navy, had said that there wouldn't be much of it left after the draft unless the Pink and Grey came to its assistance.

But of course they came. If it hadn't been Vassar, there might have been some

need of a query at the end of the sentence. As it was, a period will do. Vassar was teaching Greek in the seventies when Greek was quite unladylike. Vassar wouldn't hesitate about a little thing like bloomers and an eight-hour day.

As to the details of it—the workers are paid eighteen cents an hour and are charged five dollars and fifty cents a week for board whether they spend their time on the Vassar farm, on nearby estates, or at the canning factory. All cheques are made payable to the college, and where, as in some cases, more than eighteen cents is given by the employer, the college keeps the balance for maintaining the unit, and all workers are thus placed on an equal footing financially. The most, therefore, that any earnest patriot can clear is two dollars and forty-two cents a week, which, as any one can see, almost amounts to excess profits and certainly ought to be taxed. The excitement on pay envelope night is great indeed, but if one has had extra laundry done—or missed half a day's work—

"Will you ever forget Lucille?" said the truck driver. "She'd been too exalted for words over getting the first money she'd ever made with her own two hands. She could hardly wait to open the envelope. When she did, she read her cheque out loud—she pretty nearly chanted it—'One—cent!'"

But even working in the fields doesn't test the tensile strength of one's patriotism like working in the canning factory where one stands side by side with—out with it, Vassar—with "ordinary labour." Possibly the college woman has rather emphasized that word in times past. Now she knows that, if we're worth anything, we're none of us ordinary labour to-day. We're all extraordinary—or slackers.

The canning factory rose up out of the trees on the river bank carrying the sweet-acrid smell of uncountable tomatoes. A little earlier in the season it would have been dyed raspberry, but now the long white cutting tables ran scarlet, the cement floor showed greyed-scarlet puddles, and the belt that carried the fruit along to be picked over was a live scarlet band between two rows of blue and white backs. Every night till ten o'clock the clean-up squad work to sterilize every kettle and table and knife. But every morning sees the red slaughter splash the whole place up again.

## ROUTING THE KAISER ON THE TOMATO SALIENT

"Talk about work," said Mr. Delapenha, the owner of the factory and the chief grow-a-tomatoist around Poughkeepsie, "those Vassar girls and the ones from the Poughkeepsie High School are certainly wonders. If for any reason there's a five minute lull, they're as fidgety as they can be."

"Twelve girls on this table," one of them said. "Five minutes each—one hour lost. And there's that Navy poster out in the hall that says we owe it to the boys to do our very best."

It's this spirit of patriotic efficiency, perhaps, that is Vassar's contribution to the life of the canning factory. The girl who has earned her living for years has lost the first fine frenzy of her desire to work over-time. She looks on with amusement—amazement—resentment—but in the end with admiration as she sees the girl who doesn't need to work at all, putting sixty-two minutes into every hour. On the other hand, the college woman has a good deal to learn from "ordinary labour" and, being big souled as well as nimble brained, she is learning it. If all social service workers were given a canning factory course to begin with, there might be fewer graduates at first; but there would be more

(Continued on page 92)

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(Continued from page 37)



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ever heard of Mexico, to say nothing of its beetles. As a rule, however, it is well to choose very carefully the painter who is allowed to meddle with the dressing of a modern comedy. "Arty" clothes can kill a play more effectually than even an epidemic of influenza. The "Little Theatres," with their lofty contempt of "realism," need a special warning in this respect. They are apt to extend their unassimilated colour combinations and their curtained style of stage decoration to the dressing of their casts, with disastrous effect. Where the costuming of every-day men and women is concerned, we might well declare that aestheticism is the thief of chic. For this reason it is dangerous to put the entire production, costumes, scenery, and all, into one hand, even though this has been so successful in the more imaginative realms of ballet and opera. A modern play is too faithful a representation of life as we live it, and the audience is too near the stage both in sympathy and in actual distance, for the invariable success of this method. The settings of a play should be subordinated to the players, like bread served at a meal, which touches the ideal when it is so good that it passes unnoticed. If gowns and sets have been planned with no reference to each other, however, the results may be far worse than the distraction of an over-studied interdependence. A violent pink interior such as is used in the last act of that brilliant little drama, "Tea for Three," makes it almost obligatory for Margaret Lawrence to dress in cool grey with accents of dark old-blue. If she had chosen a pink gown it would have been almost impossible to see her at all.

It is often equally dangerous for the playwright to interfere with mandatory directions for the dressing of his characters. Writers' ideas on costuming have been a source of mild amusement to sev-

eral generations of well-dressed readers. Fiction is full of comic examples of the curiously gowned heroines of masculine authors and the even more weirdly attired heroes of authoresses. No one who has ever visualized them can forget the sartorial vagaries of Ouida's magnificent heroes, one of whom appears on a station platform "inconspicuously" dressed in lavender velvet, "the ordinary traveling costume of a gentleman." The exquisite *Bertie Cecil* goes nonchalantly to the races in a sealskin ulster with a red ribbon tied around his neck—but what else is to be expected of a person whose very boot-trees were made of ivory and tortoise-shell? George Eliot proved her masculinity of mind conclusively by dressing the beautiful *Dorothea* in a white woollen robe with sleeves "hanging all out of fashion" which always looked as if it had just been washed. Washed white woollen conjures up visions of the Wagner heroine who appears invariably in a white flannel nightgown with her blonde hair in a cascade, in order to prove immediately to the audience that she is righteous.

A reader with imagination may dismiss such an incongruity from his mind, unless a very persistent illustrator forces it upon his attention; but the spectator at a play has no such mental refuge. An inappropriately gowned leading woman "hogs the stage," to use theatrical parlance. Not only, if she is incorrectly dressed for her part, does the actress prejudice the audience against the character she is portraying, but she can not feel at home in the rôle, if she is sensitive to the influence of clothes. Constance Collier, in her raspberry gown in the first act of "An Ideal Husband," feels that she should really be in low-cut glittery black, but Oscar Wilde gave his verdict for raspberry velvet, and so, wily nilly, Miss Collier had to follow.

## HOEING FOR DEMOCRACY

(Continued from page 91)

successful settlements.

This other-class consciousness, however, is just a by-product. The main thing is tomatoes. Next to ammunition, to the Government's mind, comes food, given the right of way on ships and in the labour market. And what would be the good of planting and picking if there were to be no canning?

One little girl, the pivotal point of a ring of busy workers, stands all day long under fire. To be sure it isn't gun fire, nor yet sun fire. But the machine that fills sterilized and boiling hot tins with sterilized and boiling hot tomatoes is responsible for a barrage of heat sufficient to try the soul of Joan of Arc. The little girl in question shifts loose-topped full tins to a revolving disk where their covers are to be pressed on. Her hands are covered with huge red burlap pads stained with tomato juice. And they move ceaselessly back and forth. She can't sit down. She can't stop. She can't go to the window for a breath of air even if the temperature hits ninety.

Why can't she?

For the greatest and biggest of all reasons—the only one that ever held a good soldier since the world began—because she doesn't want to. Because her eyes have seen more than the two dollars and forty-two cents at the end of the breathless week. Because she has caught a

glimpse of something that is worth tiredness—worth an aching back and stained hands. Because she, too,—little curly head in the tomato salient—is a conscious part of the Allied forces of democracy.

Vassar among the tomatoes and Wellesley digging drain boxes, Northfield picking blueberries and Barnard hilling potatoes, Radcliffe in the strawberry bed and the girls down South hoeing cotton—Mr. Hoover has been responsible for a good many things, but nothing more interesting or more far-reaching in result than this movement of the college woman back to the land. That it will not cease when war is over is the opinion of the Woman's Land Army. Many a girl who had her eyes set on a professorial chair has found out that it is much more fun to drive a tractor, incomparably more healthful, and, for the time being at least, much more necessary.

"Every day they come to us," the Secretary says. "They want to study agriculture this winter and farm again next spring, and one of the greatest needs at present is money to give them scholarships. If some of the women who are too old to go into the fields—or too busy—or not strong enough—would only invest money in these girls of ours, they'd be doing more than conserving food—they'd be producing it for years to come."



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## NEW YORK FOLLOWS THE HORSES

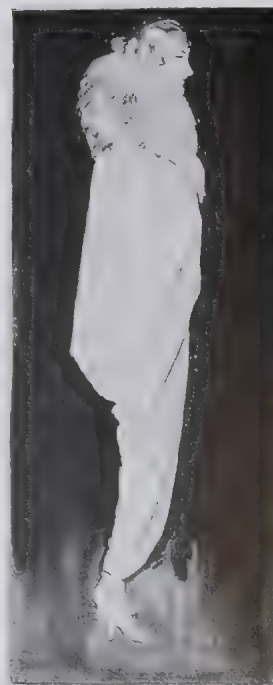
(Continued from page 46)

larly interesting one worn by Mrs. Morgan Belmont. It was of taupe velours lined with blue matching her navy blue dress. The fact that it had but a single sleeve gave it special chic.

Mrs. George Baker, junior, who was accompanied by her small son, a winsomely chubby little fellow whose brown skin made a delightful contrast with the immaculate whiteness in which he was clothed, wore a coat of biscuit colour velours over her white frock. Her coat had a deep cape-like collar ending in an interesting fringed tab at the back, and her white felt hat and white shoes strapped across the ankle were smart details.

Mrs. Baker, whose husband has recently enlisted as a private, drove her own big red car over to the club with a footman and nursemaid behind and a whole bevy of delightful pink and white youngsters within. During the greater part of the afternoon shrieks and gurgles of delight emanated from the car—to the amusement of the interested onlookers. Despite the fact that Mr. George Baker, junior, was not present, the family was well represented. Mr. George Baker, senior, was one of the most interested spectators of the events of the afternoon, especially when his small granddaughter, little Miss Winifred Loew, rode. Mrs. William Goadby Loew, who is a daughter of Mr. George Baker, and her debutante daughter, Miss Barbara Loew, joined the Baker party during the afternoon.

After the Horse Show many of the visitors strolled over to the club for tea. Piping Rock is undoubtedly one of the most delightful and hospitable of country clubs. There is a charm about the furnishings, about the soft lighting, the casual arrangement of rooms and corridors, and the little interior court, which is quite distinctive and attractive.



Blue velvet and much chinchilla collar unite to produce a silhouette that tapers astonishingly

A Barrymore first night is always an event, whether the particular Barrymore happen to be Ethel, Lionel, or John. The first appearance of the latter in Tolstoi's "Redemption" was no exception to the rule. Thoroughly cosmopolitan in type was the audience which assembled to witness the opening American production in English of Count Leo Tolstoi's melancholy drama. There were actors, critics, playwrights, visiting Russians, and a plentiful sprinkling of Greenwich Village types. Society was also well represented. In one box Count Ilya Tolstoi entertained a very interesting party of his fellow countrymen and countrywomen, and in an adjoining box Ethel Barrymore was the guest of Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, junior. Mrs. Vanderbilt, small, dark, was gowned in

geranium velvet with a bandeau of diamonds about her coil-fure. Miss Barrymore's graceful arms and shoulders rose above a simple gown of black velvet, and her hair was arranged in a low knot at the back.

Mrs. Cyril Hatch wore a velvet coat with a collar of the fur-like fringe which Paris is sponsoring. It was grey in tone to match the chinchilla which bordered the bottom of her grey velvet frock. Mrs. Hatch and her sister, Mrs. Mills, are among the most interestingly gowned of New York women. A few evenings later at the Liberty Loan Concert at the Metropolitan Opera House, Mrs. Mills wore a graceful gown of black velvet cut in deep points at the front and underarms and made over a slip of creamy white chiffon. The sleeves, which were the most interesting feature of this very unusual costume, were, as one could see when she held her arm out, two broad oblongs of the chiffon sewed together along both edges and at the bottom, with just opening enough for the hand.



A sailor hat, furs, a coat of rough grey cloth, and a skirt of white flannel,—here is a typical American costume for outdoor events

# NEW METROPOLITAN SCENERY

(Continued from page 61)

diverse personnel of the metrical romances of the middle ages, will be realized for us from the same brush. Knights and fairies, pirates and Saracens, and all the rest of the glad riotous stuff are to be set out on the Metropolitan stage in sumptuous fashion. As "Oberon" has not been given in New York since long before the Metropolitan Opera House existed, Urban has no steely bonds of tradition to pry open before setting to work at his appointed task.

Another important scenic production will be that of "Petrushka," the ugly spelling the Metropolitan has adopted for Stravinsky's ballet which the Diaghileff company made known here as "Pétrouchka." Here the scenery and costumes have not been entrusted to Anisfeld or to Willy Pogany, who is responsible for the capital "Coq d'Or" settings of last season, but will be executed by James Fox of the opera house staff from designs by John Wenger. It is further worthy of note that Victor Maurel, probably the greatest actor that ever sang in opera, has made the sketches for the revival of "Mireille." Since his retirement from the stage, Maurel has devoted much time to painting in oils, and as he happens to be a Provençal by birth, the opera management finds it particularly appropriate that he should design the scenery for the production of Gounod's operatic version of the poem of the great Provençal poet, Mistral. The other new productions will all be provided with scenery from several brushes, but from none notable as yet in the annals of modern scenic art. Still, in view of the progress already made, one may cherish a hope that some day the Metropolitan will find for even "Aida" and "Pagliacci" settings that show more imagination and decorative quality than the trumpery stuff now in use.

## A "WORLD PREMIÈRE"

Were it not for the name of Anisfeld, the season might seem notable in prospect first of all for the "world première" in the middle of December of the three new one-act operas by Puccini. Except for "La Rondine," which the composer is said to be altering, these are the first issue of Puccini's pen since "The Girl of the Golden West," likewise given a "world première" at the Metropolitan, late in 1910. The three little works conceived in contrasting spirit, the composer has designed to go together. The first, "Il Tabarro" (The Cloak), is a realistic tragedy of modern barge life on the Seine—a Grand Guignol piece, Gatti-Casazza calls it. Claudia Muzio, as the barge woman; Montesanto, as the pleading and then avenging husband, and Crimi, as the humble lover, will have the chief rôles. "Suor Angelica," the second, is a mediæval piece of conventual life. It is the converse of "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame" in that all the characters are women. Geraldine Farrar will impersonate Sister Angelica, the young nun who expiates her grievous sin to the satisfaction of Mary Virgin, if not of her haughty and unyielding aunt. The last opera is an uproarious Florentine farce bearing the name of Gianni Schicchi, the clever fellow from Dante who impersonates before a notary a man already dead to satisfy the greed of a family dissatisfied with the will of the deceased. De Luca will play this rôle of characteristic comedy.

The other complete novelties are "La Reine Fiammette" and the two American operas, each in one act, which are to have world premières late in the season. Just why "La Reine Fiammette" should be picked out is not clear, unless Farrar is eager to try her luck again with a Mary Garden part after her experience in "Thais." However, though Mary Garden gave distinction to the initial

production of the opera in Paris, even she, with the brilliant co-operation of Jean Perier, did not keep it long alive at the Opéra Comique. The vital operatic work of Xavier Leroux is not "La Reine Fiammette," but "Le Chemineau." That, however, Campanini of Chicago Opera has captured. In producing "La Reine Fiammette," the Metropolitan persists in its inexplicable policy of going to the little Opéra Comique for French operas to give in its huge auditorium, and neglecting a host of French operas that are better suited to its needs.

The American pieces are "The Legend," by Joseph Charles Breil, known to thousands among us as the arranger of the musical accompaniment for that celebrated film "The Birth of a Nation"; and "The Temple Dancer," by John Adam Hugo, a music teacher of Bridgeport, Connecticut. The former opera, laid in "an imaginary Muscovite country," boasts as heroine a young lady blessed and cursed with a father who is at once a lofty personage in the society of great capitals and a brigand in his own wild country. Death takes this embarrassing parent from the path of the young woman and true love. "The Temple Dancer" portrays some of the ceremonial rites of the Hindoos. Singers who will probably appear in the American works are, among the women, Easton, Muzio, and Kingston; and, among the men, Althouse and Whitehill.

## MORE NOVELTIES AND REVIVALS

Of the remaining works on the list of "novelties and revivals," "Oberon" and "Mireille" come to us from far enough in the past to seem new, and the only recent performances in New York of "La Forza del Destino" have been given by minor Italian companies in humble theatres of the East Side or Harlem. It is well on to fifty years since "Oberon" has been given here, when the mighty Parepa-Rosa was acclaimed as Rezia. Now Florence Easton will be the Rezia and Martinelli, Sir Huon of Bordeaux. The management makes much of the fact that this opera by the German Weber was written for Covent Garden, London, to an English text by Planche, and that it will be sung in English here. However, the recitatives and other matter to fill out the score—for the original "Oberon" is rather a fairy play with music than an opera—have been supplied by Artur Bodansky, Gatti-Casazza's Austrian conductor, who is to lead the work.

It is a generation since "Mireille" was given in New York, and the last performances there of "La Forza del Destino" at a theatre of rank occurred at the Academy of Music in the season of 1880-81, when Dotti, Annie Louise Cary, Italo Campanini, del Puente, and Galassi were the chief singers. In the "Mireille" revival Barrientos and Diaz will head the cast. "La Forza del Destino" will probably bring forward a new member of the company, Rosa Ponselle, in the soprano rôle of Leonora, and another new member, Alice Gentle, in the mezzo rôle of the *vivandière*, Preziosillo. Caruso, as Alvaro, the new baritone, Montesanto, or de Luca, as Don Carlo, Chalmers, as Melitone, and Mardones, as the Padre Guardiano, will complete a cast well calculated to make "La Forza del Destino" as popular in this country as it is in Italy, where it rivals "Aida" and "Il Trovatore" in the affections of the public.

"Crispino e la Comare," that quaint comedy of Italian working folk and their adventures with a sagacious fairy, was last presented here at Oscar Hammerstein's Manhattan Opera House with Luisa Tetrazzini as Annetta and Gianoli-Galletti as Crispino. Now Hempel and Scotti will assume those rôles. "Pet-

(Continued on page 96)



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## NEW METROPOLITAN SCENERY

(Continued from page 95)

rushka" will preserve the Diaghileff tradition, if not the Diaghileff spelling, so far as the participation of Adolph Bolm as stage manager and dancer and of Pierre Monteux as conductor can compass that desirable end. As to the "standard" repertory of the theatre, bewraying about the customary breadth and length, it holds out the gracious promise of more performances of the enchanting "Coq d'Or," and it gives American composers the consolation of seeing an American opera carried over from one season to the next in the case of Cadman's "Shanewis." It omits, however, Gilbert's still worthier ballet-pantomime, "The Dance in Place Congo." Again it is innocent of Wagner, Richard Strauss, and any operas to be produced in the German language.

Looking at the roster of the company, one is struck at once by the fact that the list of tenors contains the names of ten who take leading rôles—in alphabetical order, Althouse, Carpi, Caruso, Crimi, Diaz, Hackett, Kingston, Lazaro, Martinelli, and McCormack, an unprecedently luxurious boast. Of these, Crimi and Hackett are marked "new." Crimi was a leading Italian tenor with the Chicago Opera Association last season until that company reached New York. Then he became too ill for further appearances. Soon his engagement for the Metropolitan was announced. Carlo (formerly Charles) Hackett is a tenor from New England who lately, in Italy and South America, has sung with success various of the lighter rôles, among them Almaviva in "The Barber of Seville."

The new sopranos of chief importance are Rosa Ponselle, Margaret Romaine, and Roa Eton. Rosa Ponselle is boomed by her friends as another—and a better—Rosa Raisa. An Italian-American girl, under her own name of Ponsilo she sang far and wide over America for three years in vaudeville, so she will not be afraid to face an audience. Her appearance at the Metropolitan will be her first in opera. Rôles that she is prepared to sing are the Leonoras of "La Forza del Destino" and "Il Trovatore," Aida, and Santuzza. Margaret Romaine of Utah, a sister of Hazel Dawn, is known here in musical comedy. She has been announced as a member of the company of the Paris Opéra Comique and of the Chicago Opera Association, but evidence as to her actually appearing with either organization is vague. Roa Eton is an American girl who has sung leading parts in Italy.

A new American mezzo soprano is Alice Gentle, long known here in operetta and as a member of modest opera companies in the Bowery neighbourhood. A year or so ago she sang in opera for a time in Italy. "La Forza del Destino," "Il Trovatore," "Aida," "Samson et

Dalila," and "Carmen" are operas in which she is ready to display her talents at the Metropolitan Opera House.

No new bass is on the roster, but three new baritones are: Reinald Werrenrath, Robert Couzinou, and Luigi Montesanto. Werrenrath, an American of Scandinavian extraction, is to-day one of the most admired of our concert singers. A large public will wish him well in his opera venture. Couzinou and Montesanto are respectively French and Italian. The apparent determination of the present Metropolitan management to keep the door sternly bolted against any and all French singers is relaxed in the case of Couzinou, who has sung within the last three years at the Paris Opera. In spite of that assured fact he is about as little known a French singer as the Metropolitan management could dig up. Along with one bass and one Belgian mezzo soprano, become French through marriage, Couzinou in a time like this represents at our leading opera house our great Continental ally. However, French history is rich in forlorn hopes, and again and again a single Frenchman, or two, or three, have held hosts of the Hun at bay for incredible spaces of time.

As for the singers who return, most of them do that. Their names, according to the roster, include Frances Alda, Maria Barrientos, Anna Case, Florence Easton, Geraldine Farrar, Rita Fornia, Mabel Garrison, Frieda Hempel, Claudia Muzio, May Peterson, Marie Rappold, Lenora Sparkes, Marie Sundelius, Sophie Braslau, Julia Claussen, Raymonde Delaunois, Louise Homer, Kathleen Howard, Margaret Matzenauer, Pasquale Amato, Thomas Chalmers, Giuseppe de Luca, Mario Laurenti, Antonio Scotti, Clarence Whitehill, Adamo Didur, José Mardones, Léon Rothier, André de Segurola, and Henri Scott, besides eight of the ten first line tenors specified above. The conductors announced are Messrs. Bodansky, Hageman, Monteux, Moranzoni, and Papi, all hold-overs.

In view of the general scant attention—so to put the matter—given to French works at the Metropolitan, it is worthy of note that on "Samson et Dalila," the operatic masterpiece of Saint-Saëns, dean of French composers, falls the honour of opening the season on the evening of Monday, November 11. As so often before, Caruso will appear as Samson and Homer as Dalila. With them the new French baritone, Couzinou, will make his début as the High Priest of Dagon. It is to be hoped that every Frenchman, from the youngest Gavroche to Premier Clémenceau, will observe the happy omen and be prodigiously impressed by the honour conferred, and that nobody will jeopardize the high decorum of the occasion by daring to whisper the word "Camouflage."



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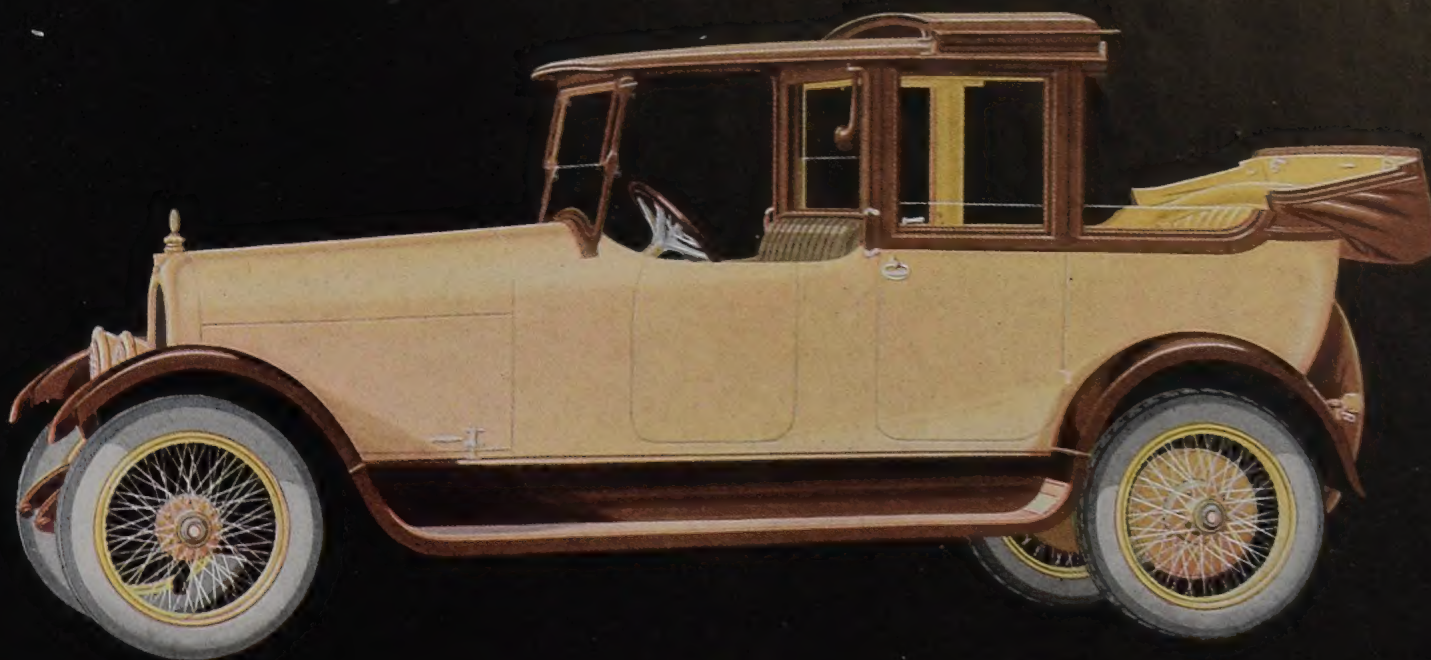
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